

# The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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## THE CONSTELLATION.

For the Constellation.

### THE SEALING WAX.

Toll keeper o' the thoughts o' men,  
Sin I maun fasten up an' sen'  
To ither een, the things my pen  
Has been about,  
I wish ye, just for surety's sake,  
To blaze an' rin; then drap an' take  
My seal, to bind ye na to break,  
An' let them out!

For, be my whimsies great or sma',  
I wad na let them loose to fa'  
Where a' the idle wins that blaw  
To whirl the stoure,  
May toss them round frae mow to mow,  
Wi' different nature, form an' hue  
To come frae ilk they're hurried through,  
An' a' ground o'er.

'This world's a busy thing enough,  
An' weel supplied wi' kindling-stuff,  
It winna quench, while it can puff  
The reekin' flax;  
An' what could pass through smoke an' flame,  
An', like yourself, come out the same  
In beauty, virtue, hue an' name,  
My cannie wax?

I wadna ca' the world unfair,  
Or wrang it in a single hair;  
But who kens maist o' kens the mair  
How oft it slips,  
(For want o' honesty or thought,)  
Sae far upon the side o' fault,  
That truth is seldom pure or straight  
Between its lips.

I winna judge the world's intent,  
But then, its een are sae asklent,  
The fairest things look foul, or bent,  
The foulest, fair.  
I canna, therefore, now foresee  
What sort o' things my thoughts wad be,  
If robbed o' their identity  
By gettin' air.

Gin folk wad kindly let alone  
A neighbor's wark to tent their ain,  
Ye wadna hae to thus sustain  
A martyr's fate,  
By bein' burnt to prove how fast  
Ye'll haud your virtue, to the last,  
Like precious gowd, until ye've past  
Your distant gate.

But, sin I hope the world will men',  
Ye winna let it ever ken,  
What I hae whispered, as a frien',  
Though strictly true.  
Gang now, and guard my fancies weel,  
May ane wha breaks ye ca' ye lead,  
For what when broken ye reveal?  
Adieu! Adieu!

H.F.G.

For the Constellation.

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,  
Thaps'd, neglected—left alone to die?  
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath  
Where all that's wretched javes the way for death?

Crabbe.

It should be the aim and purpose of every intelligent being to do some act or promote some object, which may benefit his fellow-citizens, and hand down his name to posterity with approbation and honour. Each in his sphere of action, has his sphere of usefulness, and however humble his walk in life, he cannot be so lowly situated in the scale of creation as to be exempt from that command which directs us to give

a cup of cold water to a needy suppliant. It is true that all have not ability, or opportunity to become prominent characters, or to attend at the levees of flattery and fame;—but all can practice those benign and heavenly virtues implanted in our hearts to counterpoise the grosser passions—to promote our own happiness, and the happiness of mankind.

I intend in this paper to make a few remarks on the virtue we term charity or benevolence, and mention one or two of the obstacles which retard its progress. When we look around and behold the myriads of human beings that occupy our globe, each possessing a part of the same ethereal fire—each endowed with the same sensations of pleasure and of pain—but no two, enjoying the same worldly advantages or possessing the same intellectual powers! we cannot wonder that riches are sometimes allied to insolence, and poverty to wretchedness and crime. The proper use of riches demands, that the man who possesses them should be just, beneficent, and kind; and such a character will be held in the highest veneration; but when wealth is used only for the support of pomp and luxury—to be rich, is very far indeed from being a recommendation to honour and respect. When man sees his fellow in a gilded chariot, proudly overlooking the passing multitude—and in the same street a creature of the same make—composed of the same materials—and receiving the springs of life from the same Creator—crying out in the name of all that is good, and sacred, to behold his misery and give him some supply against hunger and nakedness! we can scarcely believe them to belong to the same species, or that the same soul animates their bodies. But so it is,—poverty and riches stand in our imaginations in the places of guilt and innocence; we think that to possess gold, is to purchase virtue—and to feel the weight of poverty, to suffer the penalty of crime. But there are some honourable exceptions, those who possess and know the value, and use of wealth,—whose charity, like a mountain stream, unimpeded by the channel through which it flows, diffuses verdure and beauty in the vale beneath. Observed in the softer sex, it shines with transcendent lustre. When lovely woman bends o'er a wretched sister stretched on a bed of misery and woe—when pouring oil and wine into a broken heart, or administering supplies to penury and want; the consciousness of having saved a fellow creature from the pangs of misery gives her features a nobler life than all the jewels which adorn her hair or cluster on her bosom.

But benevolence is not a plant of spontaneous growth, it must be nursed and cultivated with care, and strongly guarded against destructive enemies. I shall now enumerate one or two of its greatest foes, lest good feelings should be blunted and good resolutions laid aside. One thing which suspends the operation of charity, is "the love of the world," proceeding from a false notion men have conceived, that an abundance of wealth is an essential ingredient in the happiness of life. Hence, arises that eager competition for riches or power;—hence, one man's success and another's disappointment;—hence self interest is so paramount that even unlawful means are resorted to for its promotion; and hence it is that charity so seldom finds a place in our thoughts.

Another enemy to benevolence is "a restless and unhappy disposition"—a guilty or a discontented mind, sour'd by neglect or fretted by disappointment. How can the man, possessing these, have a relish for the pleasures of beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to receive them?

Learn, therefore, the true soil in which to plant this precious flower, and it will soon shoot out in expressions of kindness, and the atmosphere around will be filled with LOVE.

ONSERVER.

### NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

COUNSELLOR KELLER.—On the death of Lord Clare, some members of the profession, wishing to pay respect to the first Irish Chancellor, determined, if possible, that the bar should attend the funeral in a body, but as the Chancellor had been heartily disliked by many, they determined to sound the opinion of others, and waited first on counsellor Keller:—"You know, my dear fellow," said Arthur Chichester McCourtney, who had been deputed as spokesman, (beating about the bush,) "that Lord Clare is to be buried to-morrow?" "Tis generally the last thing done with a dead chancellor," said Keller, coolly.

"He'll be buried in St. Peter's," said the spokesman. "Then he's going to a friend of the family," said Keller, "his father was a papist." This created a laugh disconcerting to the deputation; however, for fear of worse, the grand question was put. "My dear Keller," said the spokesman, "the bar mean to walk in procession; have you any objection to attend Lord Clare's funeral?" "None at all," said Keller, "none at all! I shall certainly attend his funeral with the greatest pleasure imaginable!"—*Sir J. Barrington's Memoirs.*

MAY.

May, then month of rosy beauty,  
Month, when pleasure is a duty,  
Month of mads that milk the kine,  
Bosom rich, and breath divine;  
Month of bees, and month of flowers,  
Month of blossom-laden bowers;  
Month of little hands with daisies,  
Lovers' love, and poets' praises;  
O thou merry month complete,  
May, thy very name is sweet!

Leigh Hunt.

IRON SHOES.—About the period of the accession of James I. to the throne of Scotland, a robber named Macdonald, head of a band in Ross-shire, plundered a poor widow, who, in her anger, exclaimed repeatedly that she would go to the King for redress, should she go to Edinburgh to seek for him. "It is a long journey," answered the barbarian; "and that you may perform it the better I will have you shod for the occasion." Accordingly, he caused a smith to nail shoes to the poor woman's feet, as if they had been those of a horse. The widow, being a woman of high spirit, was determined to keep her word; and, as soon as her wounds permitted her to travel, she did actually go on foot to Edinburgh, and, throwing herself before James, acquainted him with the cruelty which had been exercised upon her. James, in great resentment, caused Macdonald and twelve of his principal followers to be seized, and to have their feet shod with iron shoes, in which painful and humiliating condition they were exhibited to the public for three days, and then executed.

GOLDSMITH.—Goldsmith, both in prose and verse, was one of the most delightful writers in the language. His verse flows like a limpid stream. His ease is unconscious. Every thing in him is spontaneous, unstudied, unaffected, yet elegant, harmonious, graceful, nearly faultless—without the point or refinement of Pope, he has more natural tenderness, a greater suavity of manner, a more genial spirit. Goldsmith never rises into sublimity, and seldom sinks into insipidity, or stumbles upon coarseness. His Traveller contains masterly national sketches. The Deserted Village is sometimes spun out into a mawkish sentimentality; but the characters of the Village Schoolmaster, and the Village Clergyman, redeem a hundred faults. His Retaliation is a poem of exquisite spirit, humour, and freedom of style.—*Hazlitt.*

### WAKE TO THE HUNTING!

Wake! wake! wake to the hunting!  
Wake ye, wake! the morning is nigh!  
Chilly the breezes blow  
Up from the sea below,  
Chilly the twilight creeps over the sky!  
Mark how fast the stars are fading!  
Mark how wide the dawn is spreading!  
Many a fallow deer  
Feeds in the forest near,  
Now is no time on the heather to lie!

Rise, rise! look on the ocean!  
Rise ye, rise, and look on the sky!  
Softly the vapour sweep  
Over the level deep,

Softly the mists on the waterfall lie!  
In the clouds red tints are glowing,  
On the hill the black cock's crowing!  
And through the welkin red  
See where he lifts his head,  
(Forth to the hunting!) the sun's riding high!

Reginald Heber.

THE POTTERY TRADE.—About two hundred years since, some Dutch potters established themselves in Lambeth; and by degrees a little colony was fixed in that village, possessed of about twenty manufacto-

ries, in which was made the glazed pottery and tiles consumed in London and in various other parts of the kingdom. Here they continued in a flourishing state, giving employment to many hands in the various departments of their art, till about fifty or sixty years ago; when the potteries of Staffordshire, by their commercial activity, and by the great improvements introduced by them in the quality of their ware, in a short time so completely beat out of the market the Lambeth delph manufactories, that this ware is now made only by a single house, and forms the smallest part even of their business.—*Repertory of Pat. Invent. 1832.*

ART AND ARTISTS.—The biography of art is republican, though the practice has been too often subservient to despotism, for want of a more extensive patronage. Claude, the most refined of landscape painters, was bred a pastry cook. The Carraccis, some of the grandest names in art, were sons of tailors. The great Correggio was a poor man, with a starving family; but may now be said to represent the place in which he was born, while the lord of it is forgotten; for he is called Correggio from that place. His family name was Allegri.

### THE INDIAN SUMMER.

'What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?'  
Have they that 'green and yellow melancholy'  
That the sweet poet spake of?—Had he seen  
Our variegated woods, when first the frost  
Turns into beauty all October's charms—  
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms  
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wet,  
Has left the land, as the first deluge left it,  
With a bright bow of many colors hung  
Upon the forest tops—he had not sighed.

The moon stays longer for the hunter now;  
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe  
And busy squirrel hoards his winter store;  
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along  
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends  
Magnificently all the forest's pride,  
Or whispers through the evergreens and asks  
'What is there sadd'ning in the Autumn leaves?'

J. G. C. Linné.

GREEK DEITIES.—The closing scene of a Greek funeral service commencing with the words, "Come and impart the last embrace," is very affecting. The friends of the departed press forward from every part of the church, and kiss his cold and pallid lips, and weep over him. It is considered a very peculiar mark of disrespect to neglect this last office of affection. It is perhaps a foolish weakness; but I was not superior to it. I felt a solemn species of delight in the idea, that if I died in Greece, I should have a large number of most affectionate friends to come and pay me this office of kindness, before they consigned me to the earth.—*Hartley's Researches in Greece.*

BOOKS.—Let us consider how great a commodity of doctrine exists in books; how easily, how secretly, how safely they expose the nakedness of human ignorance without putting it to shame. These are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if investigating you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake them, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you.—*Philobiblion, by Richard de Bury, written in the reign of Edward III., and lately translated.*

AGRICULTURE IN THE CRIMEA AND KAMCHATKA. A traveller in the Crimea, who particularly visited the vine countries, states that the wine business between the Taurida, Hamburg and England, might in time become of importance. A remarkable progress has been made in the culture of the vine. The strong wines made in the south of the province will form an excellent substitute for Port; and the Kokour, a wine peculiar to the Crimea, is likely to have an easy sale. In 1831, the island produced 600,000 vidros (9,600,000 bottles) of wine, which were all sold; and it is expected that this year it will give a million of vidros. The Tartars themselves begin to cultivate, and the price of land increases. A very convenient sort of diligence was to be established in the Taurida in the course of June, 1832.

## A HISTORICAL MYSTERY.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The following extraordinary communication, which has been transmitted to us by an eminent literary friend, we lay before the public exactly as we received it. We had heard the story before, and several very striking anecdotes had been related to us in corroboration of the claim set up by Lady Newborough; but we were prevented by the pressure of other matters from attempting to digest, into the form of a narrative, the various particulars which had been stated to us;—a circumstance which we now consider as fortunate, inasmuch as we never had the good fortune to meet with Lady Newborough's *Memoir*, which of course contains her case,—and as, besides, the subject has fallen into much more able and competent hands. It is one, indeed, singularly calculated to produce what the French call a grand sensation.—*Caled. Mer.*

"My dear Mercury—Are you aware of the existence of a book bearing the following title:—*Maria Stella, ou un Echange criminel d'une Demoiselle de la plus haute naissance contre un Garçon de la condition plus vile.* Paris, 1839, 8vo. ? This volume is a real curiosity, and being convinced that there are very few copies of it to be met with in this country,—probably I have seen the only one there—I make haste to lay before you a short rehearsal of my cursory perusal. A part of the volume was read to me last night at tea, and the remainder I perused before going to bed and in the course of this morning; I feel, therefore, without any further preamble, give you a summary of the information contained in it. This will naturally be a meagre one, as I have not the volume before me, having been obliged to return it to the owner early this morning; and I to do no notes while reading, being too much interested to interrupt my perusal. Still you may depend upon the accuracy of my report, as far as it goes.

The lady, who is the author of this memoir gives the following account of herself:—

"I was born in the year 1773, in the month of April, at a small town situated near the summit of the Apennines, called Modigliana. My father was called the *Lorenzo Chiapini*, a jailor of the place, and my mother—*Vilgenti*—(I forget her Christian name.) At my baptism I received the name of *Maria Stella Petronilla*, being that of my god-mother, the *Contessa Borgh*, who resided with the *Comte Borgh*, her husband, in a country palace near the place. This lady, from my earliest infancy, treated me with marked attention; indeed, if I ever experienced maternal love and kindness, it was only from her; for to the honor of my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chiapini, I always remained a perfect stranger."

When *Maria Stella* was four years of age, her father Chiapini removed from Modigliana to Florence, where he purchased some small property and established himself. Here, although it does not appear that *Maria's* education was quite neglected—for at least she was taught music and some other accomplishments—she felt the unkindness of her ostensible parents by no means abated. At length, Chiapini, disregarding her tears and entreaties, engaged her to a theatre; she appealed to her mother, and put her in mind that she (the mother) had formerly told her that the profession of an actress was very disreputable; but the mother was become as inexorable as the father, and alleged that times were now quite changed, that actresses often made brilliant fortunes and splendid marriages, and that they were courted and treated like Princesses by men of the highest rank. By threats and ill-treatment, *Maria* was at last compelled to yield. She went upon the boards; her success was brilliant, and she was soon courted and caressed by Lords and Ladies. Very soon after this *debut*, Lord Newborough, a Welsh nobleman of great wealth and great age, paid his addresses to her. This nobleman, it seems, was very deficient in personal attractions; at all events, the lady described her aversion to his Lordship most eloquently and forcibly. However, her parents approved of the match, and seconded Lord Newborough's wishes: the lady was led to the altar like a lamb to the slaughter, and there her father extorted her affirmative by most unequivocal menaces.

The forms of matrimony being gone through, Lady Newborough for some time resided with her husband at Florence; yet repeatedly deserting him and seeking protection under the paternal roof; but Lord N's tenderness and perseverance were unrelenting, although fruitless, and he every time recovered and brought back the fugitive. It was not before he had taken her to England that Lady Newborough became a mother; after which period, the understanding between Lord N. and her seems to have been somewhat improved. Very soon after Lord Newborough's death, Lady N. married again Baron Steinberg, a Russian nobleman, whom she met at a watering-place in England. With him she went to Italy to pay a visit to her parents, the Chiapinis. *Lorenzo Chiapini*, her supposed father, died soon after her return to the country.

By a letter which Chiapini had written shortly before his death, and addressed to the Baroness Steinberg, he, in part, informed her of the mystery of her birth; stating that she had been exchanged by a French nobleman for Madame Chiapini's male child, born about the same time. The letter appears to have been written solely to unburden Chiapini's conscience before his death, and to obtain forgiveness from the Baroness Steinberg for the many wrongs which had been done to her; but otherwise it is unsatisfactory.

\* In other parts of the book, the lady calls her regular mother *Diligent*.

† The title, however, is Irish.

inasmuch as it contains no information respecting the French nobleman, except that his name was *Joinville*. This letter, explaining as it did at once many things in *Maria Stella's* earlier history, hitherto unintelligible to her—such as the extraordinary kindness of Madame Borgh, and the coldness and cruelty of the Chiapinis, the marked difference between her and them in outward appearance, as well as in temperament and character, &c.—made a very deep impression on the Baroness Steinberg's mind; and she immediately entered upon a very long train of inquiries and investigations, of which I shall here state as succinctly as possible the principal results. The most detailed information she obtained from two old servants of the Borghs, and some additional *entretiens* with the same person, and is accordingly *Mademoiselle d'Orléans*; that she was by her real father, the Duke de Chartres, exchanged with the jailor Chiapini, for a boy of whom *Madame Chiapini* was delivered about the same time; that *Louis Philippe, King of the French*, is that same boy; that the Duke de Chartres' motive for making this exchange was to secure in his family a considerable property, which would have gone past him to an other branch unless he had male issue; that the Duke de Chartres had had several daughters before this time, and now despaired of ever having sons; that the Baroness Steinberg found her information respecting her origin strongly confirmed by family likenesses, whilst walking through the Duke of Orleans' gallery in the Palais Royal; that her eldest son, without knowing at the time whose portrait he had before him, found that King Louis Philippe's portrait strongly resembled old Chiapini; and that she took the opinion of several eminent French lawyers on her case, and always obtained one in her favour. She inserts in her book, letters from several of the gentlemen of the long robe, with their full signatures. She has made several attempts to regain her birthright by means of the public tribunals, but has hitherto found that her efforts were paralyzed by a superior controlling power. She concludes, however, by expressing a strong hope that she will ultimately succeed and overcome all obstacles and calumnies.

Well, Sir, what do you say to this? Is not this a mighty marvellous story? I can only say if it were a forgery from beginning to end, still it would at least have the merit of being plausibly and ingeniously put together. Just at this moment I am questioning a Frenchman, lately arrived from Paris, about Lady Newborough's Memoir. He says that he saw it two years ago in Paris; that it was a good deal talked of at the time; that it was considered as well authenticated; and that it has since been confiscated and suppressed. But it is a circumstance by no means in favour of the Lady, that this same Frenchman says there are, besides, several other stories respecting the origin of Louis Philippe quite different from this. In fact his loving subjects appear to be particularly anxious to find fathers for him; which is very generous in them, as he has unquestionably been the means of making a good many of them fatherless.

At first I was very incredulous as to the genuineness of this book, and I have accordingly taken some pains to ascertain the fact, whether *Maria Stella Petronilla*, Lady Newborough, and *Baroness Steinberg*, was a real historical person. The subjoined extracts from *Debrett's* and the *Annual Peerage* sufficiently establish the fact of her existence, and her identity with *Mademoiselle Chiapini*. I have also conversed with several persons of the highest respectability, both from Paris and Florence, to whom Lady Newborough was known, and who are acquainted both with the leading facts of the story as here stated, and with several additional and corroborative facts mentioned in the book, although not stated in this hasty sketch. I should have stated that Lady Newborough, in her Memoir, says that the late Lord N. her husband, when introducing his wife at Court, and into the circles of the nobility of England, gratuitously gave her the title of *Marchesina de Modigliana*, in order to veil as much as he could the obscurity of her origin; and it is probably with the same view that *Debrett* gives to the old jailor Chiapini's brother, the title of *General*, as well as to his daughter that of *Marchesina*.

As to the genuineness of the book, I no longer entertain any doubt. But who will take upon himself to say, that Lady Newborough has not been misled by false traditions and plausible representations? At all events, the story has been so well told, that *Louis Philippe* has found it necessary to suppress it; nay, he seems to have been provoked by it to try his hand at pamphleteering himself. We can hardly expect that the reader will credit the fact, which, on the authority of a very respectable Frenchman, we are going to state, and which, in truth, is more incredible than any part of Lady N's history. It is this: That the Citizen King himself, with his own royal head and fingers, indicted and wrote a pamphlet, *'To prove the Bastardy of the young Duke of Bordeaux'*; that he signed it *Louis Philippe, Roi des Français*, and caused it to be hawked about the streets of Paris!

Lord Durham succeeded in rendering the profession of pamphleteering odious in a Bishop. Would he, or any man, think it more creditable in a King? Oh,

if the monarchy of Louis Philippe were in all other respects proportionably republican, I would allow him to gain a few francs a day by pamphlet writing, if he really is a good hand at it. It must be admitted too, that the occupation is by no means discredit to Chiapini; it would even in some degree strengthen such a person's title as King of the French, if it could be shown that he was able to write something fit for appearing in print; but for an Orleans—or even for the son of Egalité, the glory to be reaped by villifying and traducing an unfortunate relation yet in his nonage, is by no means enviable. Oh, Lafayette, Lafayette! would you still appear on a balcony, or any eminence, as the supporter of such a man?

I can learn more on this most interesting subject I shall communicate it to you without delay.—I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your faithful

SEAWARD.

Extracts from the *Peerage*.

*Debrett's Peerage*, 19th edition, 1832—Vol. 2d, p. 203.

Thomas, third Bart. was created 11th July, 1776, Baron Newborough. Married 1st, 1766, Catharine Perceval; 2dly, Maria Stella Petronilla, niece of the late General Chiapini, in the Imperial service, and Marchesina de Modigliana, and by her (who married 2dly, 11th Sept. 1810, Baron Steinberg) had issue Thomas John, present Lord.

The Annual Peerage of the British Empire, for 1829, has the following article respecting Lord Newborough:—

Newborough, Irish Baron

Wynn.—Ed. B. of Newborough, 1776, Bart. of England, 1742.

Thomas John, M.P. b. 24 April, 1802, suc. 12th Oct. 1807.

Bes. Dowr. Mother, re-m. 11th Sept. 1810 to B. Steinberg, Maria Stella Petronilla, daughter of—Chiapini, Esq. 2d wife and of Thomas, 1st Lord, 12th October, 1807.

This is an ancient Welsh family, of which his Lordship's great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Wynn, was the 1st Bart.

Thus far our correspondent. Among the circumstances which had been previously communicated to us orally we may mention the following—viz. that in the cut of his figure and the contour of his physiognomy, Louis Philippe resembles an Italian peasant; that this characteristic resemblance appears very strikingly in his thick clumsy bowed legs and large spiny feet; that *Philippe Egalité*, his reputed father, was in his day accounted the handsomest timbered man in Europe; that the other children of *Philippe Egalité* possess no sort of resemblance whatever to Louis Philippe "*Roi des Français*;" that on the other hand, Lady Newborough's resemblance to the other branches of the Orleans family is most striking; that, in evidence of this, she has been repeatedly mistaken for and accosted as *Mademoiselle d'Orléans*, by old domestics of the Orleans family; and, finally, that she has no more likeness or similarity either in person, in mind, or in character to the real and undoubted offspring of the Italian jailor, who passed for her father, than she has to the man or woman in the moon. Like our correspondent, however, we state these circumstances as we heard them, and leave our readers to form their own judgment as to the degree of credit which ought to attach to them. If, indeed, it were possible that Lady Newborough's story could be true, and the son of the Italian jailor had managed to place himself on the throne of one of the greatest nations upon earth, it would perhaps be without parallel in the history of mankind. But the proof, if it may be so called, halts at the very commencement. *Egalité*, indeed, was capable of any act of baseness, however infamous or inhuman. But he is not satisfactorily identified with *Joinville*. The first and main link of the chain, therefore, is yet wanting; and though there are curious circumstances, and strange probabilities, there seems to be no unexceptionable evidence. Why *Louis Philippe* should have suppressed Lady Newborough's Memoir, and attempted to retaliate by letting off some "pamphleteering slang," in order to prove "the bastardy of the young Duke de Bordeaux," is more than we can conjecture, and, in the minds of some, may excite strange suspicions. But it proves nothing absolutely; and here, accordingly, we leave the matter for the present.

## MONSIEUR DE VITRAY.

From Henry Masterton.

"I rose early in the morning, with the intention of proceeding as speedily as possible. The storm of the preceding evening had passed away, the wind had fallen, the rain had ceased; and the sun was looking out brightly over a world glistening with the drops of the past night. To my imagination, as I had ridden along the dark and weary road which had led me thither, the chateau of good Monsieur de Vitray had appeared seated in the midst of gloomy wilds, and black and sombre forests; and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I found it surrounded by a rich and smiling country, covered with fields already bearing promise of the next year's harvest, and young plantations of beautiful wood glowing with all the bright varieties of autumn.

I found the worthy proprietor robed in a flowered silk dressing-gown (for I had appropriated his velvet one), and busily engaged in the cultivation of his garden, which boasted, even at that season, in its various trim and regular parterres, a great number of beautiful flowers.

"My dear young gentlemen," he cried, after the first salutation of the morning was over, "I was just now examining these flowers, after last night's tempest;

and really, every time I come into my garden, my wonder, my admiration, and my thankfulness are excited towards God, for his infinite goodness to this my native country. Gracious Heaven! should we not have had full reason to be contented, if when the Creator destined France to be the garden of fine wits and noble hearts—the flower-bed of generous spirits and scientific minds—if he had even denied to our soil and climate what he bestowed upon our understanding, and had left us in a poor and arid country, with only half the natural productions that he gave to other lands! But now, now, my young friend, what ought to be our gratitude, when, not only as a race of men we produce those who far excel all the heroes and demi-gods of antiquity in courage and warlike skill—who render the names of Pyrrhus and Hannibal, Scipio, Cæsar, Camillus, and Coles, forgotten; and those also who might well dare the forum or the academic grove to bring forward aught comparable in eloquence or philosophy—what ought to be our gratitude to Heaven I say, when not only our country produces such a race as this, but when it is gifted with a soil and a climate that excel those of any other land?"

There are some speeches to which it is very difficult to reply, and those of good Monsieur de Vitray were generally of that class. Happily, however, he required very little answer; and, quite satisfied with his own reasonings upon the subject, he did not desire to hear those of any one else. The gay admiration of two gardeners who followed him in courteous silence to afford him both pleasure and encouragement, for I remarked, that though his speech was addressed to me, he so contrived to turn himself that not a word of it was lost by those in whom he doubtless believed it would have had instructive effect. Happily, a little laugh that he had caught gave occasional intervals; and after he had gone on some way further, I have thought necessary to record, and had told me that he was busily writing a book to be called "*Les Delices de la France*;" I obtained an opportunity, thanks to a fit of coughing, to tell him of my intention of proceeding immediately.

He would not hear, however, of my going before breakfast; and in turning back to the house, we were met by the Benedictine, who saluted me with kindness and courtesy, but took no notice of our interview during the night. He was grave and thoughtful, but his appearance exhibited no traces of the agitation which he had displayed; and as I looked back to what had passed at our last meeting, I could hardly believe it to be altogether but a dream.

After breakfast, when I rose to take my departure, Monsieur de Vitray declared he would accompany me a few leagues on the way, and the Benedictine also ordered his mule to be brought, with the purpose of joining our party. It was a spirited animal, and nearly as beautiful and swift as a horse; and I could not but remark that the monk rode with much more of a military than an ecclesiastical air. Our conversation was of indifferent subjects, as far as Monsieur de Vitray would suffer them to be so; but I thought I perceived that when the lead was in the Benedictine's hands, he may so express myself, he endeavoured as much as was in his power to gather more information on the subject of his former inquiries, without however appearing to do so.

Of course Monsieur de Vitray kept his ground; but the monk often contrived to turn the topic started by his friend in another direction, and skillfully brought it round to the matters which occupied his own mind.

"Egypt, Greece, and Italy, my young friend," said Monsieur de Vitray, with an air of kind instruction, "each pretended in turn to be the mother of the sciences and the dwelling-place of the muses; but you may still easily see that none of these climates was destined ultimately to be the abode of the arts, for each lost them in turn; and gradually they fixed their abode in France, which now, when *Helicon* and *Parnassus* are forgotten, shows herself clearly the school of sciences, the mountain of the muses, and the asylum of the arts."

"All this," said the Benedictine, "I should scarcely suppose our young friend had yet had time to examine. Pray how long is it since you first arrived in France?"

"Not quite a month," I replied, "and part of that time I have spent in again returning to England, so that very little of my time has been given to observation of the country in which I now am."

Monsieur de Vitray was about to join in; but the Benedictine stopped him by a question which excited all his attention. "Though you have been such a short time in France," he said, "pray inform us which of the two countries you as yet like best."

The question was difficult to answer with *bienséance*; but the monk almost instantly relieved me, by adding, "Yet first tell us what part of England, as far as you have seen, you prefer, in order that we may judge of your taste."

He spoke with a smile, as if amused at perceiving Monsieur de Vitray's harangues; and I replied, "I have been so little out of Devonshire that I can hardly judge of the rest of England any more than you judge of France; yet from all that I have seen, I should say that I prefer my native country."

"Association—all association, my dear Sir," replied the monk. "That is your place of no interest, Devonshire; there for you are stored up all the sweet recollections of youth; and, depend upon it, I never see you—whether your life be a dream of fortunate enjoy-

\* A copy of this book, which is now very scarce, is in possession of the transcriber of these papers, for the gift of which he begs to return his thanks to the donor.



ment, like that of some men who have their good things here—or whether your journey through existence be laid amid a long desert of disappointments and regrets, like mine—to that place shall turn your eyes with a lingering love, that nothing can remove; if your path be among bright things, you shall still think of that land as the sweetest spot in 'Tempe; and if you find the world a wilderness, there the basis of your imagination shall be laid.

"Nevertheless," said Monsieur de Vitray, "any one who uses his reason must find such a combination of charms and perfections—such an accumulation of beauties and excellencies—so much to admire, and so much to love in France, that he cannot but allow, that though there may be many spots that are extremely beautiful—though there are many that are extremely delightful, the palm must be given to France."

"But this young gentleman has not yet had an opportunity of judging all its qualities," replied the monk; "and indeed I will not have you, my son, forestall the enjoyment of discovering them for himself, especially as he will most likely proceed to Paris, where, as you acknowledge yourself the cream—the excellence of all the enjoyments even of France is to be found. I think you propose going thither?" he added, as a question to me.

"Such indeed is my intention," I replied. "But so many things may occur to alter that determination, that I dare scarcely count upon it myself with any feeling of certainty."

"I shall count upon it, however," replied the monk; "for I shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting you in that city, my son. Will you not promise me a visit at my cell? In good sooth, some society, different from the dull routine of monastic life, is necessary to relieve the literary labours of us poor Benedictines."

I willingly promised to visit the monk, if I ever proceeded as far as Paris; and indeed he had contrived to interest me so highly, to ally himself to so many of my thoughts and feelings, in the short time we had been acquainted, that the prospect of seeing him again was like the taking up of some great book of power, where at every page we expect to find something new and striking, and relative to ourselves as human beings.

I believe, too, that to create great interest in the bosom of any of our fellow-creatures, it is necessary strongly to excite the imagination; it little matters by what means. This the Benedictine had done in regard to myself, more than any man I had ever met. The knowledge he had of myself and my family, the deep and extraordinary feelings by which he seemed affected towards us, and my utter ignorance of him and all his affairs, stimulated me to know more; and at once excited and baffled my curiosity. At the same time his strong and original mind—the powerful and uncontrollable working of his heart, and the cares and sorrows to which he occasionally alluded, with the strong traces that every moment appeared of fine and noble sentiments, engaged my better feelings in his behalf, and gave me an inclination to love as well as to admire him.

He retired in his mule as he spoke the last words I have mentioned; and after receiving my promise to visit him in Paris, he prayed for every happiness on my way, and giving me his benediction, left me to pursue my path with Monsieur de Vitray, who proposed to accompany me another league.

When the monk was gone, I endeavoured to gain some information concerning him from my companion; but, whether intentionally or merely in the common course of his mental dreams I do not know, Monsieur de Vitray sheltered himself from all questions under the glories of France. He did speak for a moment, it is true, upon the subject of his friend, but he darted off again almost immediately. He had known great sorrows, he said; and had sought relief from painful reflection in devoting himself to religion. He had first become a member of the society of Jesus; but finding that the more worldly avocations which the regulations of the Jesuits not only permitted but required, necessarily involved him in transactions and scenes which recalled all that was painful in the world he sought to quit, he had embraced the rule of St. Benedict in its mildest form, and had already in the seclusion of the cloister, and the pursuits of literary acquirement, gained far more tranquility than he had known for several years before. "Nevertheless," continued Monsieur de Vitray, "as you see, all the seductive charms which adorn the land he has chosen for his place of residence induce him to quit from time to time the shadow of his monastery, the superior of which is a kind and liberal man, and does all that he consistently can to render devotion sweet. Dom Andre, indeed, does not acknowledge that the beauty that he sees around him, and the excellence that is exposed to his eye in every direction, are the sole motives that lead him forth again into the world. He says that it is a wandering disposition—a mind shaken and injured by the sorrows he has encountered. Nay more, he sometimes sportively denies to France all the merit which she possesses; but he does it but to oppose me for a moment; for can there be on earth a man so utterly blind as not to perceive that France is the paradise of earthly delights—the theatre of honour and glory—the school of arts and sciences—the land of men of genius and learning—the native place of abundance and beauty—and the temple of fame and immortality?"

I could certainly have furnished him with an instance of a man so blind; but I refrained from opposing a doctrine in which good Monsieur de Vitray was so bigoted a devotee; and he remained irrevocably plunged in France, till he reached the point where he was to leave me. There we parted with many thanks on my side for his hospitality and kindness; and on

his many expressions of affection and regard. He made his horse caracol and curvette in the true style of the manege, as he took leave; and I, with a beast whose graces were all untaught, if he had any, pursued my way towards Dinan.

**NATURAL HISTORY.—Longevity of the Rattlesnake.**—A correspondent of the Charleston Evening Post, mentions a rattlesnake that was found dead in the woods, near Georgetown, S. C., which was 7 feet long, had 73 rattles, and teeth an inch and a half in length. The same writer quotes the following account from the Charleston Times of August 14, 1866. "A rattlesnake, upwards of six feet long, and having 12 rattles, was on Sunday last killed in a small garden adjoining the grave yard of St. Philip's Church, by Mr. Carver, farmer. The circumstance of so enormous a reptile making its appearance in the very centre of so large a city as Charleston, is rather singular and astonishing, but may be accounted for in this way. Snakes generally, but rattlesnakes in particular, live in hollow logs; and it is known most commonly in that season in which they are torpid they may be found in the same. In this situation the above snake may have been conveyed to the neighborhood of the church, with a load of wood, probably last winter, and emerged thence as soon as soon as the warmth of the weather restored him his animation."

[\* We give the authority for the statement. It is supposed that a rattlesnake is added each year—and if this be so, the reptile had attained the venerable age of upwards of "three score years and ten."—*Id. Id.*]

**Leaping.**—One of the most astonishing feats of the kind ever heard of in the annals of gymnastics, was performed lately at the Innerleithen Border Games, by Mr. James Denholm. At a running hop, step, and jump, he cleared, upon level ground, not less than forty-five feet nine inches. Fifty years may elapse, before such another feat is accomplished. Indeed, we never heard of any thing like it, if we except the matchless leaping feats of Ireland and Professor Wilson, the latter of whom, a good many years ago, performed upon a dead level, fifteen yards and a half at hop, step, and jump. Ireland's exploit did not exceed the Professor's by above a few inches; but Ireland was in the constant practice of jumping, and was allowed to be the best leaper that ever was known.—*Glasgow Courier.*

The monument to the memory of the late General Sir D. Baird, was last week completely finished. The building, which is of Aberdeen granite, and stands upon the hill of Tom-o-hastel, about two miles to the westward of Crieff, forms a most commanding and magnificent object in the landscape. It is a model of Cleopatra's Needle. The base of the pedestal is 18 feet on the side of the square, 9 feet 9 inches at the top, and 11 feet high. The height of the monument from the foundation is 80 feet 4 inches; the side of the square of the top being 5 feet, and the apex about 54 inches. There are four inscriptions on the monument, one on each side, situated a few feet above the base, which is of a darker stone than the rest of the building. Each of these measures 54 feet square. The whole is to be surrounded with pavement 6 feet broad, and inclosed with an iron railing.—*Stirling Journal.*

**THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES.**—Mr. Poinsett, formerly American Minister to Mexico, who is a distinguished member of the Union, or Anti-nullifying party in Carolina, at a public meeting in Charleston recently, related the following anecdote:

"Wherever I have been (said Mr. Poinsett) I have felt proud of being a citizen of this great Republic, and in the remotest corners of the earth have walked erect and secure under that banner which our opponents would tear down and trample under foot. I was in Mexico when that town was taken by assault. The house of the American ambassador was then, as it ought to be, the refuge of the distressed and persecuted; it was pointed out to the infuriated soldiery as a place filled with their enemies. They rushed to the attack. My only defence was the flag of my country, and it was flung out at the instant that hundreds of muskets were levelled at us. Mr. Mason (a brave man never stood by his friend in the hour of danger) and myself placed ourselves beneath its waving folds, and the attack was suspended. We did not blench, for we felt strong in the protecting arm of this mighty Republic. We told them that the flag that waved over us was the banner of that nation to whose example they owed their liberties, and to whose protection they were indebted for their safety. The scene changed by enchantment, and those men who were on the point of attacking my house and massacring the inhabitants, cheered the flag of our country and placed sentinels to protect it from outrage. Fellow citizens, in such a moment as that would it have been any protection to me and mine to have proclaimed myself a Carolinian? Should I be here to tell you this tale if I had hung out the Palmetto and the single star? Be assured that, to be respected abroad, we must maintain our place in the Union."

**Ice—A Curious Fact.**—Salmon, it is well known, is sent to the southern market packed in boxes half full of ice, and not unfrequently the owner defrays the whole expenses of his freight, by disposing of the ice to confectioners and others at the termination of his passage. In one of our fishings, however, the produce has lately been so abundant, that the stock of ice prepared during winter was exhausted, and the wits of the fishermen were set to work to devise some

mode of supplying a deficiency which rarely occurs in northern latitudes. After pondering and pausing for some time, the men bethought themselves of an expedient at once novel and effective; they resolved to scale the heights of Ben Nevis, and to rifle this monarch of British mountains of the solid bar-like masses of snow, which have slumbered for centuries in his hidden, unexplored recesses and ravines. The result has been highly successful; the snow lay in great quantities, congealed and hard as ice, and men were employed all last week in digging and conveying these icy stores to the plain. It is no easy task to transport so heavy and slippery a commodity down a rugged declivity of above 4000 feet; but, with the aid of sure-footed Highland ponies, the task has been lately accomplished—thus furnishing one more instance of the progress of luxury in Great Britain.—*Liverpool Cour.*

**Singular Appointment of a Premier.**—The Parisian Revolution of July 1830 and its consequences have given rise to many publications from the different parties concerned, and among them is one by M. Alex. Mazas, "Secretary of the last President of the Council named by King Charles X.," entitled a memoir to preserve the History of the Revolution of 1830. From a notice of this production by a correspondent of the Courrier, it appears that the Duke de Mortemart having been called to St. Cloud by the events in Paris on the promulgation of the celebrated Ordinances, went to the King, and as he says, "informed him of what I had seen at Versailles, and what I knew of the events of Paris, and besought him in the name of his own interest to take some new measure, for I was persuaded that the throne was seriously compromised." His Majesty, however, could not then be persuaded of the truth; but subsequently changed his sentiments, and sending for the Duke, thus addressed him, and the following singular scene ensued:—"You were right," he said, "the situation is more difficult than I thought it this morning; it is thought that a ministry of which you should be the chief, might arrange every thing; I have named you." "I do not think myself capable, Sir," I replied, "of fulfilling your wishes; I beseech your Majesty to seek some other person."

The King did not accept my refusal; I insisted for a quarter of an hour. He then drew a paper from his pocket and said, "Here is your nomination countersigned by M. de Chantelauze, from this moment you are Minister for Foreign Affairs and President of the Council." I refused to take the paper; the King pressed it on me, and approached me to place it in my hand; I drew back several times until I was touching the tapestry. The King still followed me, and having put me literally to the wall, while I kept my arms pressed against my body he put the paper into my grapple. I hastily withdrew it to return to him. "You refuse then sir," he said, "to save my crown and the heads of my Ministers?" "I cannot resist such language as this; I keep my nomination. But let not your Majesty forget what I have now the honour to say to you. If I succeed in re-establishing the royal authority in Paris, it will only be by means of the most painful concessions which necessity has exacted. I shall doubtless be made responsible for all the consequences. If I fail in my negotiation, I shall not be less upbraided, and shall be but too happy if I be not called a traitor." It was thus that I was invested with the dignity of Premier, which is generally so much an object of envy and jealousy.

This took place on Thursday the 29th of July. The same authority gives an account of a measure of the revolution adopted by the King when too late, that it is of interest to know.

"It was half past two o'clock on Friday morning before the perverse obstinacy of this unhappy old man, on the subject of the ordinances, was finally overcome. At this period, it appears that the Count de Argout, M. de Semouville, and M. de Vitrolles, were with the King, while the Duke de Mortemart and his secretary were waiting in the apartments of M. de Cosse, in another part of the palace. M. d'Argout and de Vitrolles came to announce the King's change of purpose, and to desire the Duke to go in person to receive his Majesty's commands. Before his return the day began to dawn. He came back out of breath, and desired his secretary to set instantly to work in preparing the ordinances, which are given in the appendix to M. Mazas' book. It was decided to be absolutely necessary that the Duke, in going to Paris, should be provided with the necessary documents under the sign manual of the King. They are six in number, the first recalling the ordinances of the 25th, the second re-establishing the National Guard of Paris, the third appointing Marshal Maison to the supreme command, the fourth appointing Casimir Perier Minister of Finance, the fifth General Girard Minister at War, and the sixth convoking the chambers for the 3d of August."

The progress of events rendered all this unavailing; and the result of the struggle needs no remark. M. de Mortemart had a short lived Ministerial office.

**Ohio and Mississippi Steamboat Mail Line.**—A company has been just formed for establishing such a line from Louisville, Ky. to N. Orleans. The inducement to this has been, to give the advantages of frequent and certain opportunities, and to remove the evils which result from too ardent competition where boats are making the same trip simultaneously. The line will consist of sixteen of the finest Steamboats on the western waters, to be managed, for the common interest, by Directors appointed for that purpose. "One of these boats will leave either Louisville or New Orleans, every day of the shipping season, at a fixed hour, whether they have cargo or passengers, or

neither. These sixteen boats have an aggregate tonnage of six thousand tons, and have cost more than 500,000 dollars; and the expense of running them one season, will not fall short of an equal sum. The magnitude of this sum [one million of dollars,] is a sufficient guarantee to the public, that the interest of the proprietors will lead to the utmost exertion to realize to the public, all the benefits which they promise them."

**Manufacture of Cotton Bagging.**—We learn from a Cincinnati paper of 13th ult. that an extensive establishment for manufacturing bale rope, twine, and bagging by machinery and steam power, has just commenced operation in Newport, Kentucky, opposite that city. The bagging thus produced is said to be of superior quality. The establishment, with its present machinery, is calculated to manufacture four hundred and fifty tons of hemp annually.

The largest ship-of-war ever built in England has lately been launched from Portsmouth dock yard. She is called the Neptune, and is rated at 120 guns. She has a round stern. Her length on lower deck is 205 8; keel 190 6; burthen in tons, 2,705 70-04ths; extreme length abft, 212 3; ditto height—forward, 56 6; midships, 51 0; abft, 65 0.

**Manufacturing in Georgia.**—The new Cotton Factory at Athens will probably be in operation in 3 or 4 months. A factory of the same number of spindles (2500) is about to be established at the Senell Shoals. Another, we understand, to contain 1500 spindles, is to be built at Columbus.—*Sav. Georgian.*

New Orleans papers mention the arrival by the steamboat 'Walk-in-the-Water' of the largest cargo of cotton ever brought to that port. It consisted of 2563 bales—estimated to weighed 1,025,280 lbs.

At the anniversary of the St. Andrew's Society of this city, mentioned last week, David Hadden, Esq. presided, assisted by Messrs. Maxwell and Pott, Vice Presidents. Among the guests were the Vice Pres. of the St. George's Society, (in the absence of its President,) and the Presidents of the St. Patrick's and German Societies, and the Mayor of the city. In the course of the evening, Mr. Maxwell made a speech in honour of Sir Walter Scott, on proposing a toast to his memory.

The officers of the Society for the ensuing year are—David Hadden, President. Hugh Maxwell, First Vice Pres. Gideon Pott, Second Vice Pres. Richard Irvin, Robert Hyslop, John Gray, Andrew Mitchell, W. H. Maxwell, John Napier, Managers. John J. Palmer, Treasurer. John Campbell, Secretary. Robt. Gillespie, Jr. Assistant Secretary. Rev. Dr. Alex. M. Leod, Rev. A. Stark, Chaplains. Dr. John B. Stevenson, Physician.

This association was incorporated in 1756, and from its funds now distributes annually more than \$1000 in charitable donations.

From the Atlas.

**A TREATISE ON THE MILLENNIUM, by the Rev. Geo. Bush.—J. & J. Harper.**—A book which cannot fail to excite attention, and command respectful notice from every philosophical inquirer and every intelligent Christian. The nature of the Treatise is thus expressed in the title-page of the volume—"in which the prevailing theories on that subject are carefully examined; and the true Scriptural doctrine attempted to be elicited and established." A more definite notion of the tenor and tendency of the essay may be gathered from the writer's prefatory announcement, that he has by his investigations arrived at the conclusion, that "the Millennium, strictly so called, is past." This, he admits, will be regarded as a startling position; but he claims, modestly and with undeniable right, "that the reader should sit in judgement, not in the first instance, upon the conclusion itself, which must necessarily encounter a host of prejudice; but upon the sufficiency or insufficiency of the reasons alleged in its support." To the natural suggestion of the mind, as to the consequences of such a conclusion, in reference to the fond and sacred hope of a coming age of light and glory to the Church, the author replies, that, "instead of robbing the treasury of Christian hope of a gem so precious, and of abstracting from benevolent effort so mighty a motive, it will be seen that his view of the futurities of Zion, admitting the Millennium to be past, opens to the eye of faith a still more cheering prospect,—a lengthened vista of richer and brighter beatitudes."

Mr. Bush is known to the public as a man of learning and piety, a scholar and an accomplished writer. They will not hesitate to go with him in quest of the fruits of his present researches.

**MISS ENGEWORTH'S WORKS.**—We greet with the most cordial welcome the appearance this week of another volume of Messrs. Harper's uniform edition of "Novels and Tales by Maria Edgeworth." They are executed in a style correspondent to their value, and that, every one knows, is too well established to be questioned. Two fine steel engravings embellish this volume; one being an ornamental title-page, of which the vignette represents a scene in the Story of Mademoiselle Panache, and the other a plate giving a beautiful view of Miss Warwick's arrival at the Welch cottage, as described in that pleasant satire on romantic sentimentalism—*L'Amie Inconnue.*

the block of statuary which the artist has selected for the splendid transformation which it now presents to the eye of the lover of art and the admirer of the lamented deceased. As a work of art, it is a gem of which Liverpool may be justly proud—at once worthy of the object for which it is designed, highly creditable to the unrivalled powers of Mr. Chantrey, and honourable to the spirit and character of the town.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

### THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 15, 1832.

One of the most distinguishing features in the literature of the present day is the great number of writers in that class of society which in fashionable parlance is termed the *dile*. How are we to account for this? We would plead the philanthropy of knowledge as an answer to this question. There is, however, a fashion in literature as in every thing else, and those who were in former days the patrons only, now consider it a privilege to enrol themselves among the votaries of science and philosophy.

In addition to the works in the higher branches of literature, we have a union of history and fiction in that class of writings which are termed *historical novels*; and here the name of Scott stands pre-eminent! The obligations of living writers, and those who are yet to live, to the pages of Scott, are and will be immense; but, like Shakespeare, Scott has left all competitors behind. The appearance of the Waverley Novels was a memorable epoch in literature.

The first who followed in the wake of Scott was the author of "Brambletye House," and it is not a little remarkable, that Scott's "Waverley," and Horace Smith's "Brambletye House," both embracing the same period in history, and many of the same characters, should issue from the press almost at one moment. With the generosity of true genius, Scott spoke highly of his brother writer's work, and perhaps Mr. Smith has never exceeded his first production in this style of writing. A new avenue to literary fame was now fairly open, and every season since has produced one of more works of this character.

In the volumes before us, entitled *Hexa Masterion*, the author, Mr. James, offers the adventures of a young cavalier during the latter part of the troublous times of Charles I. As a writer of classical fiction, Mr. James is already favourably known to the public by his "Parley," "Richelieu," &c. In the present work many of his *dramatis personæ* are sketched with a boldness and vigour that would do honour to an older pen. The character of Lord Masterion is well written, as are those of his two sons, Francis and Henry; but the "fair jewel" of these pages is the lovely Emily Lanching. The despicable character of the puritanical hypocrite, Gabriel Jones, affords a fine illustration of the certain degradation attendant on the first departure from rectitude. The little selfish villainies of this character are well matched by the greater rascality of Walter Dixon. The author's description of the coast of Devonshire, the scenes of his early days, are faithfully sketched.

The cottages of the English peasantry have been admired by travellers from every country. On this subject our author says:—"Probably the difference between the aspect of England and that of every other land may consist more in the appearance of contented industry than in any thing else—and that industry evinced, not in the actual exertions one witnesses, but in their results. The neatness of the cottage, however lowly, the pains bestowed to render it clean, the ornamental plants, however simple, which are taught to give a grace to the humblest dwelling, and a thousand other things which bespeak habitual activity and care, all breathe the spirit of willing, healthy, happy exertion, betokening the best of intellectual gifts, contentment,—that sweet calm sunshine of existence, compared with which the brightest wit is but a flash, the purest of ambitions but a dream indeed."

The interview of the brothers with Lady Eleanor Fleming is thus given:

"The lamps in the room were so disposed as to shed a general light over its whole extent, sufficient for every ordinary purpose, but faint and delicate, like the perfume of the plants with which it was mingled. Under its soft influence—though placed at one of the farther windows which the beams of the planet gleamed past, but did not enter—with a late resting on the floor beside her, and supporting her left hand, which hung languidly by her side—sat a lady, the easy line of whose half-reclining figure, as she gazed forth upon the moon, might have vied with the choicest efforts of art. Yet the attitude was so perfectly natural, so mingled of grace and simplicity, that it was only like that of a lovely child in one of its moments of transient repose. The sound of our steps roused her from her reverie, and rising gracefully, she dropped the head of the late against the pile of cushions on

which she had been sitting, and advanced a few steps to meet us.

Never, certainly, did I behold a more beautiful creature than she who stood before us at that moment. What she might have been a few years earlier I know not; but I can hardly suppose she was so lovely as she then appeared, though with her the first budding charm of girlhood was gone. She was still, it is true, in the spring of life, and had never known an hour of that withering autumn which strips us of our green freshness; but it was the spring verging into the summer. She had perhaps counted eight-and-twenty years; but it seemed as if those years had been the handmaids to her beauty, and each had added some new grace. Tall, and probably as a girl very slim, she had now acquired a rounded fitness in every limb, which painters, I believe, call contour. There was nought of heaviness about it; all the graceful delicacy and form remained—the small foot and ankle; the soft, slender wrist, and taper fingers; the waist of scarce a span; while the rest of the figure swelled with an easy line of exquisite symmetry into the full beauty of maturity. Her features were small and regular; cut in the most exact proportion, yet soft though so clearly defined and exquisitely modelled, that on the straight nose and arched upper lip one might have fancied traces of some sculptor's chisel, before the madness of passion had withered the lovely statue into life. The eyes were deep, deep blue; but the length of the dark eyelashes by which they were shaded made them appear almost black. They were of that kind which seem cold and freezing till lighted by some ardent passion, and then shine forth all fire and soul. Hers however, never, that I saw, bore that look of coldness; while her lips seemed formed to express joy; and in an hour I have beheld a hundred different shades of pleased expression hang sporting on their ruby arch—from the soft, almost pensive smile, which took its tone from the pure colour of her eyes, to the gay laugh whose merry music rang gladdening to the very heart.

Her dress exposed more of her figure than I was accustomed to see displayed, and it struck me strangely, as if something had been forgot—but who could regard her dress, when she herself was there?

With ease and courtesy, she advanced to meet us; and giving her hand to my brother, bade him welcome. As she did so, she fixed her eyes upon his face, features and broad splendid brow; and there seemed something that struck her much in his aspect, for her gaze was succeeded by a deep crimson blush, and a momentary embarrassment, which added to that under which he himself laboured."

The royalist general, Lord Norwiche, is a fine portrait of a bold and manly soldier.

The situation of a stranger in a large commercial town is thus described:—"Of all kinds of solitude, there is none like the solitude of a great town—so utterly desert, as far as human sympathies go. A great town is like an immense Eastern bazaar, where men buy and sell, and are bought and sold; and without one has some merchantable quality or commodity, or some of the many kinds of coin with which the trade in human relationships is carried on, he is like a beggar in the market-place, and it must be all sterile as the plains of Arabia Petraea."

The unbending principle of the republican Ireton, affords a fine scope for the author's powers. The general's interview with Dixon, and subsequently with our hero in the house of Manuel, is written with much spirit.

ANCIENT TAPESTRY.—"The room in which I was to pass the night was a large old-fashioned chamber, the tapestry on which represented the triumphant return of David, after his first achievement in the death of Goliath. The future king of Israel was represented as a fat and empty-faced boy, who, dancing away with most obnoxious merriment,—with one leg raised so high that the knee almost kicked his chin; and the other, though less bent, not a little contorted,—dragged along with him a giant's head as big as himself, sadly disfigured by a lurid spot in the middle of the forehead. After the little conqueror came three pair of trumpeters, blowing their worsted cheeks till it seemed as if they would have burst the hangings."

The death of Lady Eleanor is portrayed with much feeling; but, at this period of our history, we think Mr. James has been unnecessarily rife in murders.

Among the *chevaliers du Froide* introduced at the Hotel de Ville, is the Prince de Marsillac, better known as the Duke de la Rochefortault, author of the "Maxims." As may be supposed, the remarks of the Duke are a further illustration of his views of society, and, like his Maxims, teach us the enviable creed, that the great which in the philosophy of human nature, is—selfishness.

With regard to the style of Mr. James, he is somewhat too diffuse; there lacks a raciness in the character of his puritans. The portrait of Lovegrace Righteous in "Brambletye House" is a master-piece

of hypocritical cant. As a whole the work is, however, highly creditable to the author.

We feel much pleasure in adding that these volumes form the 29th and 30th Nos. of Harper's Library of Select Novels, and are got up with the usual good taste of those spirited publishers.

SPRING FLOWERS.—The love of flowers seems a naturally implanted passion, without any alloy or debasing object as a motive. The cottage has its pink, its rose, its polyanthus; the village its geranium, its dahlia, and its clematis; we cherish them in youth, we admire them in declining days; but, perhaps, it is the early flowers of spring that always bring with them the greatest degree of pleasure, and our affections seem immediately to expand at the sight of the first opening blossom under the sunny wall or sheltered bank, however humble its race may be. In the long and sober months of winter our love of nature, like the buds of vegetation, seems closed and torpid; but, like them, it unfolds and reanimates with the opening year, and we welcome our long lost associates with a cordiality that no other season can excite, as friends in a foreign clime. The violet of autumn is greeted with none of the love with which we hail the violet of spring; it is unseasonable; perhaps it brings with it rather a thought of melancholy than of joy; we view it with curiosity, not affection, and thus the late is not like the early rose. It is not intimate beauty or splendour that so charms us; no, it is our first meeting with a long-lost friend, the reviving glow of a natural affection, that so warms us at this season: to maturity they give pleasure, as a harbinger of the renewal of life, a signal of awakening nature, or of a higher promise; to youth, they are expanding, being the opening year's hilarity; and the child, let loose from the house, riots in the flowery mead, and is

"Merry as a school-boy." There is not a prettier emblem of spring than an infant sporting in the sunny field, with its own basket wreathed with butter-cups, orchids, and daisies.—With summer flowers we seem to live as with our neighbours—in harmony and good will; but spring flowers are cherished as private friendships.

### THE DRAMA.

Pack Theatre.—Oralloessa, the new tragedy of Dr. Bad, was produced at this house on Friday evening last, with a rich display of scenery well adapted to the representation, and an entirely new wardrobe. There was a very well filled house, and an audience favourably disposed towards the piece, yet it went off heavily—very heavily.

The new and beautiful scenery was received with much approbation—and great credit is due the artists, Messrs. Evers, Mead, Dunn, and Johnson; indeed, had it not been for these decorations, the very fine acting of Mrs. Sharpe, and occasional happy points of Mr. Forrest, the representation would have been a failure.

The repetition of this piece on Monday night was much more successful, and received the decided approbation of a large and fashionable audience.

Of the tragedy itself we think favourably. It contains much beautiful language, and the strongest passion of the savage—revenge; and the artifices he uses to gratify it, are, in the character of Oralloessa, most ably developed. Yet, we think some of the dialogues are too long, and may be pruned with much advantage to the representation. Although the performance on Monday evening was very superior to the first night, there is still much room for improvement in the subordinate characters; and it would be well for them to read with attention,—endeavour to discover the meaning of the author, and not merely commit his language to memory.

Mrs. Sharpe played with a spirit which we have seldom seen excelled: she was perfect. Upon Mr. Forrest, as Oralloessa, rests the burden of the piece—and it was well borne. Many passages were delivered with a most thrilling effect, and with action which carried home their purport to the spectator; yet, there were others in which we conceive the enunciation of the actor was too rapid, and his action too violent. As a whole, however, this *American* tragedy, and its *American* hero, have been decidedly successful, and will undoubtedly increase in popularity.

On Tuesday evening, Miss Hughes made her first appearance this season in the romantic opera of *The Maid of Judah*, to a very fashionable audience. Of the character of Rebecca, which Miss Hughes has rendered peculiarly her own, we shall only observe, that her musical powers were exhibited with increased success; but—when was Miss H. otherwise than successful? If this lady has added to her celebrity in her Eastern tour, the applause on Tuesday evening fully proved that she had not lost, by her absence, the estimation of the N. York public.

We should much like to see Miss Hughes and Mrs. Austin in Garrick's grand opera of *Cynon*.

The parts of Urganda and Sylvia are well calculated for their respective talents.—Will the Manager think of this?

Opera.—Bellini's opera seria, "Il Pirata," has been produced at this house with much effect. The story is founded on Maturin's "Bertram," and affords scope for the musical powers of Fornasari, Montresor, and the Signora Pedrotti. As a composition, this opera partakes less of the scientific than the pleasing; there are, however, many brilliant passages, which are calculated to produce effect by their lightness and vitality.

Fornasari is decidedly an improving singer. In the more tender passages, Montresor's voice appeared to much advantage; while the Pedrotti is winning all hearts by her admirable execution of the music. Her mad scene we have before noticed as an exceedingly fine performance.

"A rat, a rat—dead for a duet!"

At a late representation of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, the following ludicrous scene is stated by the *Commercial Gazette* to have been exhibited:

"In the middle of one of the most tender scenes towards the close, a violent commotion was observed in the lobby of the second tier; no one could tell why—or nobody knew wherefore. One door flew open after another—a violent scampering was heard—a rush took place from the boxes, and 'chaos had come again.' Some one now exclaimed, 'a rat, a rat—dead for a duet.' The mystery was soon explained. A huge rat, by some means or other, had made his entry to the lobby, and seemed very scientific of making his first appearance upon the boards. Boots, canes and umbrellas were all brought in requisition against him—but tenacious of liberty, like a noble fellow, he ran the gambrel for some time, and was determined to die game. Like the blood-boltered Banquo, 'with twenty trenched gashes on his head,' he made his way into one of the front boxes, throwing a levy of beauties into 'most admired disorder.' Here he was brought to bay—and with the resignation of a hero, received his quitus from an iron bed large enough to have belonged to one of the seven leagued boots. The chaos, however, was not yet capped—a cat, belonging to the establishment, who at sundry times has amused the audience with her gambols, had seated the mischief from afar, and just at the moment when Juliet, 'like Niobe all tears,' was bewailing over her dying Romeo, came flisking upon the stage. The chaos was at once broken—the concatenation of ideas was too strong to be resisted, and much to the astonishment of the gentle Juliet, whose back was towards the innocent intruder—the whole house burst into an involuntary fit of laughter. Even the prostrate Romeo, who had been very dead for some time, could not refrain from whispering to Juliet—'What the devil is to pay now?' The holy friar himself was bewildered, and forgot his ghastly office; and it was a long time before either audience or actors could sufficiently compose their muscles so as to resume the business of the play. The curtain was prematurely dropped; and thus, by the intervention of such a trifling incident, was the denouement of this tragedy of tragedies converted into a farce."

DOUBLE-PATENT PERRYMAN PENS.—A few days since, Mr. Stephen Cattanach called upon us, to exhibit the above articles; and we were much gratified by the different specimens of writing performed with these little instruments. Their elasticity is really surprising, and they are suited to all styles of penmanship, from the scribble to the mercantile and scientific. One pen, particularly intended for lithographers, &c. and for ladies, is superior to every thing in this branch of elegant mechanism we have ever witnessed.—They are to be had of Mr. C., the sole agent for the U. States, at No. 95, Maiden Lane.

We have received the first number of the "Yonk's Literary Gazette," published weekly in Philadelphia by T. Ash. It contains some very excellent matter well calculated to excite a thirst for knowledge in the juvenile mind.

We have much pleasure in welcoming the return of that sweet poetess, Miss Gould, to whose talented pen we are indebted for "The Sealing Wax" on our first page of this day—and we hope frequently to have the pleasure of hearing from her.

A very neat pocket volume of her Poems has been published by Hiliard, Gray & Co., of Boston, which will afford to the lovers of "sweet effusions" some highly intellectual enjoyment.

EXCHANGES.—In consequence of the applications that are daily made to us for exchange, we re-publish our conditions—viz. that on the receipt of two dollars postage paid, and the insertion of a short circular once in six months, we are willing to send our paper without exchange.



## DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. VII.

Jack Ashore.—A female, about 30 years of age, who was surrounded by several acquaintances, and a fine looking young man, a sailor, who had evidently just gained port, were placed before the magistrate by an officer, who said, that he was standing at the door when he saw the sailor come up, followed by the females, one of whom advanced to him, and said, 'I wish you would take that blackguard in your custody, for he has deserted me and his child; I am his lawful wife, and he now refuses to own me.'—The sailor, who heard this statement with the utmost indifference, replied that she was mistaken; but, finding that the claim of the female was likely to lead to a breach of the peace, he thought it was best to bring her into the office.

The magistrate, on hearing this statement, asked the female what she wished to say; when she replied, that her maiden name was Cashman, and that she was a native of the sister isle, where she was married to that fellow (pointing to Jack) in 1819, who, just after her child was born, left her, and went to sea. She had never seen or heard any thing of him since, until a few nights ago, when he happened to call at the house where she was lodging.

Jack, who had listened to this statement, replied, with great sang froid, that he had never seen the woman who claimed him for her husband, in his life, before the previous night.

Magistrate.—What is your name?

Jack.—Owen Moore.

Magistrate.—(to the woman).—What is the name of your husband?

Female.—Timothy Leary, your honour.

Jack.—What countryman was your husband?

Female.—A Cork man, to be sure.

Jack.—Well, I can't be Tim Leary, for I am a Gernsey man, and was never in Ireland in my life. Female.—I can bring three persons who will prove that he is my husband, and had luck to him for denying it.

Magistrate.—It is a very singular case, but you certainly must be mistaken as to his person.

Female.—Faith, now, don't I know the father of my child?

Jack.—It is no such thing; but I see how it is—I have just come from Inger, and having some money, she wants to board me; but it won't do—she's not going to get Jack to strike to false colours.

Magistrate.—I can do nothing in it: this is clearly a case of identity, and which is right it is impossible for me to say.

\*Thank your worship,\* said Jack, reeling out of the office, followed by his would-be spouse and her companions, who expressed their determination not to leave Jack until he owned his wife and child.

Magistrate.—A watchman solicited the advice of the magistrate, under the following circumstances:—He stated that, as he was walking up and down his beat, he observed a gentleman, who was alighting from a hackney-coach, drop a small parcel on the ground, and he immediately picked it up, and was prompted by curiosity to inspect its contents, which he found to be a very splendid gold watch and a bunch of seals. He followed the gentleman, and just as he was about to enter a shop, he placed the parcel in his hand and retired. When the gentleman returned to the coach, he went up to him, and in the most modest manner possible reminded him that he was the person who had restored to him his lost property, but the gentleman did not appear to be sensible of his obligation, and surly growled to the coachman to drive off, and not let that fellow be bothering him.

Watchman.—So, your worship, that's just the identical way I've been served.

Magistrate.—Well, what do you wish me to do.

Watchman.—Why, don't your honour think I deserve better treatment?

Magistrate.—You have done no more than an honest action. Had you kept back the property with the hope of gaining a reward, you would have been guilty of very great dishonesty.

Watchman.—As to that, your worship, I never meant to be dishonest; but what I look at is the man's ingratitude.

Magistrate.—It is not in the power of magistrates to compel persons to reward honesty, if, indeed, that can be called honesty which desires a reward.

Watchman.—Why, your honour, I beg your pardon for disputing, but I always thought there was some parliament act to make people pay for lost property. I know where the gentleman lives, and I hope your honour will give me an order to bring him before you—not as I want any reward, but it's the gratitude you know.

Magistrate.—I have already told you that I cannot interfere. The conviction of having done your duty ought to be a sufficient recompense to you.

Poor Paddy appeared to be much disappointed, and went out of the office muttering, "It's the ingratitude of the thing that I look at."

## GLEANINGS.

War.—What are you thinking, my man? said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled, thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the British. The soldier started, and after saluting his General, answered,—I was thinking, my Lord, how many widows and orphans I perhaps have this day made, for one shilling.

Questions.—"Surely," exclaimed a native of the Emerald Isle, to a person bothering him with inquiries, "I wish you would be after asking something besides questions."

Unanimity.—When Curran was on a circuit, he was put into a bed from which "nature's kind restorer" was completely frightened by the fleas. In the morning he complained to the landlady, who, as usual, protested that the thing was impossible.—"Impossible or not," said Curran, "if the fleas had been unanimous, they would have pulled me out of bed."—*Diam. Mag.*

Paris.—A city of pleasure, amusement, &c. where four-fifths of the people die broken-hearted.—*Mirabent.*

Neutralized Medicines.—An apothecary in the country sent a lady three draughts, and on being asked what effect they were intended to produce, said, "The first, Madam, is to warm you, the second to cool you, and the third to prevent the excessive effects of either."

Ring Motto.—A lad about going to sea, was presented by his parent with a ring, on which was inscribed— "When this you see, Remember mother."

## THE OUDALISK'S SONG.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

They said that I was fair and bright,  
And bore me far away—  
Within the Sultan's halls of light,  
A glittering wretch to stay:  
They bore me o'er the dreary sea,  
Where the dark wild billows foam—  
Nor heard the sighs I heaved for thee,  
My own—my childhood's home!

They deck my arms with jewels rare,  
That glitter in the sun;  
And braid with pearls my long black hair—  
I weep when all is done!  
I'd give them all for one bright hour  
Free and unwatch'd to roam;  
I'd give them all for one sweet flower  
From thee—my childhood's home!

They bring my low-toned harp, and bid  
My voice the notes prolong—  
And oft my soul is harshly chid,  
When tears succeed to song:  
Alas! my lips can sing no more,  
When o'er my spirit come  
The strains I heard in thee of yore,  
My own—my childhood's home!

For then, the long-lost visions rise  
Of happy sinless years—  
I dare not hide my streaming eyes,  
Yet cannot cease from tears.  
I see the porch where wearily  
My mother sits and weeps—  
I see the couch where rosiely  
My little brother sleeps.

I see the flowers I loved to tend,  
Lie tangled on the earth;  
I hear the merry voices blend—  
Mine old companions' mirth!  
Oh, what to me are jewelled halls—  
Rich vestments—gems rare?—  
I'd rather live in cabin walls,  
And breathe the mountain air!

Here the hot heavy winds are still—  
The hours unweary pass:  
Oh, for the sunshine on the hill—  
The dew upon the grass!  
Oh, for the cool resounding shore—  
The dark blue river's foam!  
Shall my sick heart ne'er see them more?  
Woe! for my childhood's home!

## THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

We have no fairy tale to tell—no marvellous story of Eastern princes and princesses, with their good and evil geni. On our page shine no heaps of diamonds and rubies—we show not the treasury of a Haroun Alraschid, but a homely English fire-side. We promise not a history, big with Oriental wonders, but a plain piece of gossip, touching the family of the Browns. The beautiful bird at the top of our page, like the gay Meaws in our Zoological retreats, perches on no Arabian tree, trickling with 'medicinal gum,'—but (its exotic name, taken in contrast with our subject,) will be found to roost on a twig of vulgar English produce.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were a very happy couple. At the time of our story, they had been married but three weeks; they were very happy. Mr. Brown was a respectable man; he had not yet set up his grig, nevertheless, we believe we may venture to call him respectable. His heart never palpitated at the sound of the knocker—the tax-gatherer was never told to call again—he owed nothing to the poor, consequently what he gave to beggars may be put to the score of extra-paternal philanthropy. Added to this, at the period of which we write, his wedded life was in the honeymoon;—a time when the smallest hearts that ever throbbled beneath the Gresham grass-hopper, dilate and wax to the magnitude of pin's heads; when the most money-getting face is half-uncoiled into smiles, and even such who have heretofore been accustomed to crawl, feel as if 'wings at their shoulders seem to play.' In this blissful state was Mr. Brown; the green trees never looked so green to him; the sky, whenever he had time to look at it, never looked so blue; the water below Richmond Bridge absolutely sparkled, and the avians thereon sporting, seemed bigger, and even something prettier, than usual. Mr. Pope's willow tree, pointed out by the *geopius loci*, from Eel-pie Island, and gilded by the silver beams of Mr. Brown's honeymoon, was a thing not to be forgotten for a week—in fact it was an evergreen in the landscape of Brown's life. It is thus that love purifies our coarse, working-day clay and moulding our charities of life, and giving a keener edge to our perceptions, makes us inhabit a realm of pleasure and beauty—that is, as long as we are wise enough to learn wisdom from our feelings, by letting them fly abroad, to banquet like bees on the honeyed sweets as stirred profusely about us. Or is this—but whilst we rap-sodize, we lose Brown.

The wedded couple returned to the metropolis. The pastoral days were over, and business, stern business, came striding on. However, the Worshipful Company of Stationers, to which body Mr. Brown owed himself but too proud to belong, were about to give a ball. Of course the wives, widows, daughters, and grand-daughters of the fraternity were to cast a lustre on the solemnity, to many of whom the new-made Mrs. Brown anxiously looked for new acquaintances. Great preparations were made for the fête.

'I tell you, my love, the thing is too dear!' Mrs. Brown made no oral answer, but she gently protruded her lips, and her eye—she had very pretty blue eyes—darkened. 'This was her first act of matrimonial rebellion, and what is strange, she never forgot it: how many cannot for the life of them remember the date of the first domestic insurrection; like the little beginnings of mighty states, they are lost in quick growing greatness.'

Mr. Brown sat at his breakfast; and if he was at all afflicted by the pointing of his wife (that first routine), it only made him of still sterner stuff! His heart, like his realm of denial, became cold-pressed. Nevertheless, he continued to sip his tea, and having finished the cup, repeated, as he did it up to the pot, 'I tell you, Mrs. Brown (this time he omitted, 'my love'), the thing is too dear.'

Mrs. Brown was fond of dress: it is the failing of the sex. Some learned theologians have charged it upon Eve as her second fault. Was it to be expected that Mrs. Brown should escape?—not that she was so much attached to luxury—she wore more for the respectability of her husband, than for any personal pleasure. And this self-evident truth Mr. Brown was dull enough not to appreciate.

'I tell you, my'am, the thing is too dear.' This was the third intimation of Mr. Brown's opinion; and some notice may be given of the character of Mr. Brown—of the late Richmond enthusiast—when we state that the article which he had thrice branded as a thing 'too dear,' was no other than a peculiarly beautiful—an extraordinary Bird of Paradise, which Mrs. Brown was anxious to wear at the ball, in order that she might support her husband's respectability, on her first public introduction to the Worshipful Company of Stationers. The bird was a very phoenix, and yet its price was but a poor twenty guineas. It was in vain that Mrs. Brown continued to posit—it was in vain that she pushed, rather than handed to Mr. Brown that she pushed, breakfast-cup. The husband was loth in the man of thrift: the Bird of Paradise was ordered to be returned, and a plume of ostrich feathers sent in its place. 'They will make a greater show than the other thing, and arn't above one-fourth the price.' Thus reasoned or rather declaimed Mr. Brown, and the Bird of Paradise was straightway cast from the domestic Eden. Mr. Brown thought he had conquered.—*Vain man!*

The auspicious day arrived. Mrs. Brown was all sweetness and condescension. Never since the day of her marriage had she been more amiable. Mr. Brown blessed himself as a man happy in his spouse, and in the uxoriousness of his heart, thought how lovely his wife would look as ostrich feathers. The ball was to commence at eleven; at seven o'clock, Mrs. Brown departed for her sister's. Brown was busy about a larger order, and would meet his wife at the Hall. The time arrived, dancing commenced, Mr. Brown was present, but his wife had not yet arrived. Many inquiries were made. Perhaps Mrs. Brown had altered

her mind? Was she fond of dancing? Perhaps, she had a will of her own? A thousand such half-questions were asked and looked; to all of which Mr. Brown replied with very significant avowals of his own domestic supremacy. To particular friends, he declared that Mrs. Brown was the most dutiful of wives. He had, however, not known what happiness meant until his marriage with Mrs. Brown. So meek—so modest—so entirely his own in every thought; she was the pattern of wives. Mr. Brown looked at his watch—still Mrs. Brown did not come. Mr. Brown danced another quadrille, still keeping his eye on the way of entrance. At length—it was one o'clock—another brother stationer informed Mr. Brown that his wife, his wife's sister, and a very young lady—a fourteen year old cousin, from a farm-house in Lancashire—were approaching the ball-room. The news spread among Brown's friends, and a hundred eyes followed him, as he unceremoniously released himself from the arm of Miss Cox, and made his way down the Hall to receive his wife. She entered, and—Mr. Brown started back! The colour rose to his cheeks, his brows were limited, his eyes flashed fire, and he only prevented the escape of a vulgar oath, by suddenly biting his lip. Mrs. Brown caught the expression of her husband's face, and became flushed. Mrs. Brown's sister looked at the couple with astonishment.—Mrs. Brown's niece from Lancashire looked at her white-lipped. Everybody marked the confusion of Mr. and Mrs. Brown. The lady, however, smilingly lifted up, and with the matronive politeness of her sex, endeavoured to smile away the gloom from Mr. Brown. It would not do. Mr. Brown suddenly turned up the Hall, his wife's arm lying coldly on his, and the ladies anxious for an introduction to Mrs. B., were left to wonder at the scene. The young ladies could not make it out—the older ladies, at least, some of them, made shrewd guesses. However, dancing went on, but at a short time it was discovered that Mrs. Brown had gone off. Mrs. Brown quite astonished at the news; one tear came to each eye, and she half-resolved to go home immediately. She would doubtless have followed this suggestion of wedded love had not her sister advised her to remain, and show her spirit. Mrs. Brown did as advised, and displayed her spirit by dancing quadrilles until four in the morning, with the particular friends—all of them brother stationers—of her husband, then sulky and in bed. Of course, Mrs. Brown's sister remained. She had been a widow a twelvemonth and a fortnight—hence, her knowledge of what constituted female 'spirit.'

Mrs. Brown returned home. We pass over the heart-rending scenes of the domestic drama, and come at once to the catastrophe. Mrs. Brown declared her husband to be 'a vile man,' and, ere the honeymoon had waned, the young bride broken bride had taken refuge from the cruelty of her spouse, at the house of her mother at Hoxton. Whilst we write, she resides there.

And now, it may be asked,—what caused the ball-room scene—what divided the husband and wife, ere a month, a little month, with wings of down, had flown? We answer the Bird of Paradise. Our readers will remember that Mr. Brown had forbidden, the outlay of twenty guineas for that costly yet beautiful ornament. As a make-prize, he offered ostrich feathers. Mrs. Brown's sister, however, advised the wife 'to show her spirit.' She did. She purchased and wore the Bird of Paradise; and, for the ostrich feathers, gallantly offered by Mr. Brown, she placed them on the head of the stunted little niece from Lancashire. Hence the surprise and indignation of Mr. Brown when his wife entered the ball-room; hence his sulky and sudden departure for bed; hence his bawling for two or three days at the fire-side of the Browns; and hence the present exile of Mrs. Brown to the residence of her mother, Hoxton.

However, we must not omit to state that the Bird was greatly admired at the ball. It was considered the most beautiful specimen ever seen. In fact, Mrs. Brown was known throughout the night by the name of the Bird of Paradise.

But, ladies, what is the use of being deemed a Bird of Paradise at Balls and routs, if for that title we sacrifice, for a week—a day—an hour—the substantial Eden of our own homes?

PATRONS.—An old woman was lately seen wandering her way up one of the streets of St. Andrews (Fife-shire). It was manifest from her demeanour that her whole soul was occupied with a subject of importance. At last, after surveying carefully around, she came to an anchorage immediately opposite Bailie T.—'s counter, when the following dialogue ensued.—B. "Week Janet, what's a'wanting the day?" Janet, (eyeing the Bailie with a searching look of inquiry) responded, "Oh, no that's muckle; but there's na' thing I want to ken before I mak or mell wi' ye. Will ye tell me if ye be a *Tory*?" B. "A *Tory*, Janet? Aye, no. Am a *Whig*, woman, an' I ha'e just pledged myself to vote for Mr. Johnston." Hereupon Janet's fingers, which had hitherto been closely rolled up in her palm, began to unfold; and laying down the King's coin on the Bailie's counter with an air of satisfaction and unbounded patronage she proceeded, "Then, my man, we're a ha'bee's worth o' your mustard & Scotch paper."

## MISCELLANY.

THE BEDOUIN'S SONG OF HOME,  
IN A DISTANT LAND.

By Mrs. Godwin.

Let me depart—let me depart  
O'er the hills and the plains afar;  
From your halls of pride to the Desert wild,  
Where the tents of my people are.  
Boast not to me of your stately towers,  
Where the rose and the lily bloom;  
Of your ramparts wrought with a thousand flowers,  
In the craftsman's curious loom.  
Boast not to me of your costly gold,  
Of your laurels and wreaths and gold;  
For the desert deep, in the midnight gloom,  
Where the tyrant reigns, is the Captain's home.

Dear to me is the land of my birth,  
In the land of my father's home;  
And the fragrant fields and mountains there  
By the river and the hills are  
Your fountain of life and your lifeblood,  
Take a tear from its fount to me,  
And the smile and the fragrance of home  
In the heart of your woman's love.  
Dear to me is the land of my birth,  
Of the wild birds and the flowers of the field;  
For the desert deep, in the midnight gloom,  
Where the tyrant reigns, is the Captain's home.

The wine-red and the wine-gold  
May be used to gild the soil;  
But with strength and life, and with children's love,  
Is the drought from the hand of the Lord.  
Here is the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love,  
Flows in the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love,  
And the land of the Lord's love.

Let me depart—let me depart,  
From your halls of pride to the Desert wild,  
Where the tents of my people are.  
Boast not to me of your stately towers,  
Where the rose and the lily bloom;  
Of your ramparts wrought with a thousand flowers,  
In the craftsman's curious loom.  
Boast not to me of your costly gold,  
Of your laurels and wreaths and gold;  
For the desert deep, in the midnight gloom,  
Where the tyrant reigns, is the Captain's home.

Blackburn, May.

## COBBETT'S POLITICAL LECTURES.

Mr. Cobbett, who has visited several of the English towns as a public speaker on political subjects, was at our latest address addressing the citizens of Edinburgh. We copy from a paper of that city the substance of one of his lectures.

He began by stating that it was with great respect, and with much deference, that he proceeded to offer his opinions before an Edinburgh audience, on the various topics on which he meant to speak. These he announced to be—First, On the duty and necessity of electors demanding pledges from their representatives, in order to their obtaining the full benefits of the Reform bill. Secondly, On the necessity for the total abolition of titles, lay as well as clerical. Thirdly, On the injustice of taxing the people for the benefit of those who were "miscreants and public creditors." And fourthly, On the mischief and impolicy of paper-money in general.

Mr. Cobbett went on to contend, that if the people of this country did not reap great benefit from the Reform bill, it would be their own fault; and that they would, in consequence, become as much the objects of contempt as they had been of admiration, for the manner in which they had fought for the bill. They were, therefore, bound to do something more than they had done—and that was, to send no Members to Parliament who would not pledge themselves to follow up reform in every department of the nation's affairs. The reformed Parliament would meet next winter, and he would probably be one of that Parliament. He did not state this in the way of bragging, or in the practice of that egotism for which he was so famous, but in order that he might give his pledge to begin with. It was a maxim of his forefathers, that the redress of grievances should precede the voting of supplies. They had many grievances to be redressed, and they ought, therefore, to give no man their votes who would not pledge himself to the removal of these. The nation was pressed down by taxes, which were prodigiously wasted in the payment of unmerited sinecures and pensions, and on a half-pay list. Even death, which came to the relief of the most wretched creatures in the world, brought no relief here. The half-pay list was increased year after year. To give in charity was meritorious; but to obtain the praise of a Christian virtue, it should be given out of their own pockets. What would be said of a baker in Edinburgh, were he applied to by a beggar, and instead of giving him a loaf from his own shop, went into that of his neighbour, a butcher, and took a piece of meat for him? Those who fed on the national charity rode in chariots, and the means were taken from the poor, who were toiling and starving all the time. The Scripture said, he who did not provide for his own home, was worse than an infidel. This was the charity St. Paul inculcated. Was this attended to in the case of the sister of the Marquis of Anglesea, who first got a pension for herself, while a maid, and on her marrying got another? She then got herself unmarried, and married again; but she had still two pensions. Whether it was for any

public service, he (Mr. C.) did not know, or to which husband she had administered most comfort; but this he knew, that this was a scandalous abuse of the public money. The working people paid the greater part of the taxes. Was this just? If it was not, let them prevent it in future. He remembered at one time that great numbers of officers, both of the army and navy, were all at once seized with a desire to become ministers of God's word. The Roman Catholics might say what they liked about miracles; but he said there never was a miracle like that. About 2000 of them came to the Bishops, telling them they had received calls from the Holy Ghost to take the care of souls. He did not at all doubt their sincerity. God forbid that he should question that. They entered duly into holy orders; but they still had a hankering after their pay; and while they received the salaries of the faithful with one hand, they took the naval or military half-pay with the other. At length it pleased Providence to inspire Government with an idea that they should receive the half-pay no longer. He had cried out against the evil for years; and at length an order was issued that officers claiming half-pay should accompany the claim with a certificate that they were not in holy orders. But what did the Government do, along with this? Why, they gave all these officers eighteen months of grace—and before the end of that time, there was not a person officer among them who had not sold his half-pay. He then adverted to the pension list of ambassadors. There were fifteen of these. Not that we wanted an ambassador, but the ambassador wanted the pension—he wanted to qualify for a pension for life. Lord Grenville sent his nephew ambassador to Dresden, a place where an ambassador was no more wanted than one was wanted at Edinburgh. But this man continued his four years—and in consequence of his long and hard services, he had, from the year 1801 to 1807, received about 93,000*l.* of the public money. The Americans sent ten ambassadors to Europe, at an expense of only 17,000*l.* a year—while our ambassador at Vienna cost us 14,000*l.* a year alone. If asked to do away these pensions, Ministers say, "Oh no! we can't meddle with them—they are vested rights." He then adverted to the "monstrous growth of the standing army." When the present King was born, the standing army of this country amounted to only 15,000 men. After the American war, it was increased to 17,000. And why was this? Because the taxes, which at the first period were only six millions, had then increased to thirteen millions. The army increased with the taxes. Now, the taxes were sixty millions, and we had a standing army of more than 100,000 men. Soldiers were necessary to assist in collecting the taxes—so the more taxes the more soldiers. When he was a boy, there were only three barracks in the country. Now, there were three hundred and one, and it was proposed to increase them to three hundred and two—an extravagance which Mr. Hume thought was quite intolerable. That gentleman was fond of odd numbers—he perhaps thought them lucky. He had no objection to 301; but he would bear 302 by no means. There was nothing to be seen in this country, travel where one would, but barracks, and officers trimmed with gold lace, while the people who paid them were clothed in rags. The money was taken from the one to decorate the other. This was not the case in America—there was no such thing there; and what could be the cause of the difference? Why should soldiers be wanted here, when they were not wanted there? The people were the same—they spoke the same language—and eat and drank the same sort of stuff. "Oh," said Lord Althorp, "consider the difference in the state of society there and here. For instance, Oldham, which you represent: you would not wish the people there to go to loggerheads with one another: you would wish the farmers' wives to go with safety to market to sell their eggs and butter?" "Certainly," I would say, "and why not? They do so in New York; and tell me what is the difference in society there and here—what does it consist of?" "Oh," says his Lordship, "you know that, Cobbett, as well as I; you only pretend ignorance. You know well enough you could not collect the taxes without soldiers." Well, I grant the necessity for soldiers so long as the taxes remain so great; but I would say to Lord Althorp, that this is the best reason for getting rid of the taxes. This was another great reason why they should send members to Parliament who would speak in behalf of the people either to the Minister or the King: and he trusted the people of Edinburgh would send one man at least who would do so. Mr. Cobbett then descended at some length on the establishment of military academies, and rearing up children, even from petticoats, in them, to be officers of the army, that they might have no community of feeling or interest with the people at large. Instead of taking officers from the half-pay list, they were taken from these academies; because they were the sons of the nobility, clergy, and gentry, or sometimes of the gentry's butlers. They made the working people pay for providing those their sons, while at the same time they were paying for the exclusion of their own children from ever being officers of the army or navy. This was a shameful abuse. He was not afraid to say so before an Edinburgh audience, for whose judgment he had a greater respect than for that of any other body of people in the world.—(Cries of "Oh, oh," "Hear, hear," mixed with great laughter and cheering.) Then came the game laws. Wild animals had been always held as common property, and Blackstone reprobated the laws which imposed a penalty of 5*l.* or imprisonment for a month or two, on those who killed them without

a license. But what were they now? If a man went into a cover, between sunset and sunrise, carrying a gun, or anything that would catch or kill game, and was so detected, he was liable to be transported for seven years, at the discretion of a Justice of the Peace, who had generally an interest in preserving game. Since that law passed, more than 200 men had swung, or been killed in rencontres with one another, in consequence of it—for no persuasion could make the common people of England believe it to be criminal to kill game. Only think of the consequence of a Right Reverend Father in God, the Bishop of Durham's fondness for rural sports. He has his preserves and his keepers—and not long ago one of his keepers was killed in a rencontre with poachers, for which one of these poachers was afterwards hanged; so that the Bishop of Durham caused the loss of two men's lives in order to preserve his rural sports—and these men of his own flock too! Was not this monstrous? If this was an evil, it was the duty of every elector to do what he could to do away this wicked, unjust, and bloody law. Next came the trespass law; by which, if a person walking in a field, and observing a flower which he liked, stepped aside to pull it, he might be dragged before a Justice of the Peace, who was empowered to say what damage had been sustained; and if it was not paid, the offender could be dragged to jail, on the evidence alone of the party offended. Such laws were made to affect the poor—not the rich; for, let a rich man gallop with horses and dogs over grounds and break down fences, there was no recourse against him but by an action at law. Talk, then, of their equal laws—their impartial operation—the boast of England and the admiration of surrounding nations! Oh, the English laws for ever! Then the law of robbing orchards. When he was a boy, he had been guilty of 500 felonies of this kind; and, if the present laws had existed, he would not now have had the pleasure of standing before them.

After stating some instances of the oppression and absurdity of this law, Mr. Cobbett said a reformed Parliament must revise this and similar cruel laws; and the electors would not do their duty if they sent men to Parliament who would not pledge themselves to do so. But there were more bloody laws still, and he referred to the case of Cook, who was tried and hanged for attacking Mr. Bingham Baring; and who did not hurt Mr. Baring more than he (Mr. Cobbett) now hurt one of them. But this was the blessed effect of Lord Ellenborough's act, patronised and amended by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and which by the Marquis's amendment did not require cutting or maiming, but attacking with any instrument by which death might be inflicted, to make the culprit to swing on a gallows by order of the judges at the hand. Verily, if a reformed Parliament did not reform such laws, it was time the people were taking the affairs of the country into their own hands. There was another thing, which was the great boast of the country—Trial by Jury! It was the standing toast of the Whigs for many a year—"Lord Erskine and Trial by Jury." In 19 cases out of every 29, he contended that there was no Jury at all; or at least only a special Jury, which was equal to none at all. The Judges in such cases were the Jury. These were the laws the people were struggling to amend. They had no wish to destroy the Constitution, but to restore it. As to the fifteen Judges of the land, no man was less disposed to say any thing against their independence than he was; but he deprecated strongly the powers granted to Justices of the Peace, who had power to transport for life for various offences, and who frequently did so. These were frequently composed of half-pay officers, dependent on Ministers, and turn-outable at their pleasure; and he would deserve to have the flesh hacked off his bones if he sat one session in Parliament without endeavouring to abolish judges dependent on the Ministers of the Crown. In the time of Edward a man to be a Justice of Peace required to have an income of £200 a year from land. It was afterwards made £100; but now less than £100 would do. After speaking at some length on the law of libel, as illustrative of what was called the liberty of the press, Mr. C. proceeded to comment on the stamp duties, and on the unequal operation of the legacy and auction duties. As to the duty on probates of wills, these referred alone to personal property; and Lords left little personal property. When a merchant, trader, or farmer died, his property was generally personal or moveable, which paid large sums of legacy duties to Government; but when a nobleman or great landed proprietor died, he generally left his wealth in land or hereditary, which, though it yielded a hundred thousand pounds a year, paid no duty whatever. And thus he inferred that the law-makers being generally in the class of landholders, had framed the law to operate against all classes but their own. So in the case of auction duties, when a hard-working manufacturer or merchant brought his goods to sale, a large auction duty was exigible; but when the land-owner sold his timber and under-wood annually, to the amount of thousands, these were liable to not one farthing of duty. He concluded by again enforcing on electors the necessity of their voting for no Member of Parliament who would not pledge himself to the redress of all these grievances.

Lord Mayor's Day, Dublin.—The Lord Mayor for the next year (Alderman Archer) was sworn in on Monday last at the Castle; in the absence of the Lord-Lieutenant, he was sworn before Chief Baron Joy, with whom was Judge Johnson. The dinner given at the Mansion-house was a most splendid entertainment. Nearly 400 persons sat down to the

different tables arranged in the round room, which was magnificently lighted for the occasion. The King's health was drank with three times three; the Queen's with nine times nine. On the Duke of Cumberland's health being drank, the Mayor expressed a wish that the band (the military band of the 9th) should play 'Protestant boys'; but the band had received orders to play no party tunes, and they struck up 'Non più Andrai,' which was immediately clamoured down; and, after a pause, 'God save the King' was repeated. The Mayor, after some altercation with Colonel Wildman, gave the 'Immortal Memory,' which was also saluted, amidst tremendous groans, with 'God save the King.' 'Protestant Ascendency' was afterwards drank, and thanks returned by Sir Harcourt Lees. The company sat to a very late hour.—*Edinb. Oct. 13.*

## PASSAGE OF THE BRENNER.

"The Hungarian's winter predictions had not yet been realized. Even the valley which leads to Botzen from the south, and which is proverbially the nest of the storm, exhibited no deeper vestiges of the coming season, than a few streams turned to solid crystal as they trickled down the precipices, or, from time to time, a larch rooted out from the cliffs by the gale, and strewn its leafy glories at full length across the narrow road. Carara felt the mountain breeze breathing vigour into his frame—his travel was already giving elasticity to his limbs—his hands one countenance was rapidly losing the pallid hue which was essential to Italian elegance, and was exchanging it for the better gift of the manly and florid healthfulness of open air and active exercise. With his cloak hung over his shoulder, his Alpine staff in his hand, and his vivid eye darting round the immense horizon, catching every colour of the autumnal forest, every passing cloud, every floating eagle that poised itself on its pinions above the covers of the chamois and deer along the Talfer, he might be taken for a prince of the mountaineers. But as they rested for their mid-day meal at the foot of the Ritter pyramids, and the Count's newly awakened curiosity was listening to his fellow traveller's account of this singular phenomenon, and indulging his fancy in discovering, as so many wanderers had done before, temples and palaces, pavilions and fountains, in their fretted and excavated masses, a sudden gust of the most piercing cold rushed down from the hills, carrying before it a whole atmosphere of sleet, withered leaves, and dried up branches of trees. 'The trumpet of the winter is blowing,' Count said the Hungarian, 'and we must prepare for the speedy commencement of the campaign.'

Carara prepared for the encounter simply by girding his hunter's coat tighter round him, fastening his broad Alpine hat on his head by the clasp usual among the peasants, and loosening the folds of his cloak. The Hungarian, conversant in the language of the storm, looked to the various points of the compass for those currents of the clouds which so strikingly mark the direction from which the force of the tempest comes in the higher Alps. Large masses of rolling clouds heavily burst up from the whole range of the vast crescent of hills which form the central barrier of the Tyrol, and each sent forth its gust; but in the north-east lay a solid leaden-coloured pyramid of vapour, reaching from the earth to the heavens, on which the Hungarian gazed with evident anxiety. 'The weight of the tempest,' said he, 'is beyond Mittenwald; but it is, I fear, by this time, coming up through the Postertal, and the pass will, in that case, be altogether blocked up before night.'

'Then,' said Carara, with a smile which was far from an expression of his feelings, 'we must attempt it by daylight. The ghosts of the Brenner will not stand sunshine, if they are like our Italian ghosts. For Mittenwald, then—onward.'

His companion answered only by following his stride, and they fought their way together manfully up the side of the mountain. Fierce gusts, that seemed to burst less from the clouds than from the earth, frequently caught them in their middle way, and forced them to cling to the shrubs and branches of dwarf oak that sheeted the glen. The valley which had been broad and nearly level from Brixen, now began to contract, and the gigantic pines, that hung and rooted upon the huge blocks of granite, split by time or thunder, ages ago, gave a deeper shade to the road. By this pass few travellers ever attempted to enter the mountains but in summer, and the Count and his companion scarcely disturbed the falcons and wild goats that through one half of the year possessed the unquestioned lordship of the soil. They gazed on the struggling travellers as if they were of their own species, and seldom moved foot or waved wing, till they had passed.

The evening fell, and though the centre of the valley, which was now narrowed to a ravine, was still sheltered, it was evident that the storm was making wild work above. At length an abrupt ascent led them to the summit of the road, and the whole range of the wild scene opened on them at a view. Nothing could be more magnificent or more fearful. As far as the eye reached, the whole horizon was filled with snow, assuming every fantastic form of the mountain tops, and shaping them into strange beauty. Carara's imagination, dormant in the days of his prosperity, had been gradually awaking since his first step in these wild regions. But now all its eyes were opened at once. Every trait, hue, and feature of the scenery, formed to him an indispensable portion of the most glorious landscape that he had ever gazed upon. 'Look there,' he exclaimed, pointing to a boundless pile of snow-white clouds that touched a distant mountain so closely, as to seem a continued mountain ascending



into the heights of heaven.—'There is Pelion upon Ossa, and both in silver!' Another enormous hill, whose covering of snow was partially darkened by a thunder-storm, lay to the right. 'There is an Etna, but ten times its bulk, pouring out immeasurable volumes of smoke, and broken into a thousand chasms of flame.' The range of pinnacles that shot up round the horizon, sheeted with the snow, were fairy palaces, turreted castles of ivory, bawlers of amaranth, magic palaces of steel. A last gleam of the sun, as he plunged down behind the Middle Alps, shot through the chasm of the hills, and swept round the whole range. It was like the outpouring of a stream of solid gold. It transmutated the whole landscape instantly; the effect on the scene was indescribable. Wherever the stream fell, it turned the spot into all the glorious hues of sky, flower, and metal. Boundless sheets of purple and rose seemed to have been suddenly flung over the enormous sides of the hills. Cataracts of gold burst down their sides, long stripes of the most vivid green, like valleys of emerald, lay between ridges of crystalline and silver. All was splendid, prismatic, magical. As the sun descended, every feature of this landscape of a hundred leagues, assumed a new and better variety: azure followed rose, and purple, richer than the Persian loom, mingled with azure. Until a moment before he set, the whole range became a succession of a diamonds; the base of every mountain shined in solemn grey, the side still tinged with the winter light, but the summit a spire of living flame. He sunk at last, but there was one spectacle left, as lovely, and almost as brilliant, as the richest effects of the sunrise. The dusk, which now gathered round the mountains, rapidly contracted their horizon—the enormous crescent appeared to round itself into a circle, in the centre of which stood the alighting travellers. Of that circle, the only portion visible was soon the upper ridge, and even that was pale; but from it stood up the summits of the pinnacles, now divested of all colour, but still sparkling with light, the diamond cusps of a mighty crown.

Carara stood entranced with this sight of unearthly beauty, when he was startled from his vision by a sound as if of remote thunder; he looked to the cloud that still hovered on the Brenner, but it was as leaden and cold as ever. No flash broke from its mighty womb. If the thunder lay there, it was still to be born. The whole hemisphere lay in the same quietude. The gusts had fallen, and the tempest seemed to have gone to rest with the sun. Again the sound rose, but it was now not the low growl of distant thunder, but the roar and dash of ocean, heavy, hoarse, and continuous. He turned to the Hungarian for an explanation of the cause. 'Probably some new fall of snow among the hills,' said he; 'but at all events, let us not stop where we are. The road descends a few hundred yards forward, and any where we shall be less exposed than here.' He started with the words from the summit of the ridge, and hastened down the steep. Carara followed; but when he found himself in the spot thus selected for safety, he could not conceal his surprise at the selection. 'I altogether give way to your knowledge in these matters,' said he, as the Hungarian turned to watch the progress of the storm; 'but this spot strikes me as exposing us to be either buried in the first snowfall, or to find our road totally closed up.' The Hungarian fixed on him a look which, even in the twilight, he could discover to be singularly different from his usual calmness of philosophy. It was a smile, but whether it wore more of contempt or fear, more of resentment at being thus questioned, or of that embarrassment which the sight of overwhelming danger sometimes produces in the haughtiest minds, was difficult to define in the shade; but the impression was there, and his respect for the philosopher's firmness suffered no slight diminution for the time.

But the time for these things was short. The darkness had suddenly become complete, as if a cloud had brooded on the little valley. The sound which before arrested the ear, had now returned, but louder; the storm rapidly grew wilder, and more appalling still. It began with a broken and unusual report, like the roar of a signal-gun; it swelled in a few minutes to the roar of battle; it was now the peal of a hundred cannon, of thousands together, of millions. The atmosphere shook; the earth heaved; Carara instinctively sprang to a rock which projected over the side of the valley, and as he sprang, seized his fellow traveller's arm to drag him with him to the place of safety; but, to his utter surprise and dismay, the Hungarian was immovable. The grasp which he gave was even returned by a more stubborn grasp. 'Do you want to die here?' exclaimed the Count, still attempting to shake him from his strange insensibility.—'or do you want me to die along with you?' The Hungarian made no answer; but, as if paralyzed by fear, still firmly clung to the arm that he held, and his countenance exhibited the same strange smile. A crash of the trees, a scream of the eagles and falcons, an universal commotion of the air, announced that some extraordinary devastation was at hand. 'It is an avalanche,' shouted Carara, labouring at once to rush forward and rouse his frozen friend. But he was evidently devoted to ruin—he grasped his hand only the more violently. 'It is an avalanche,' he repeated with a low internal voice, and with a laugh which could be attributed to scarcely less than sudden idiotism or insanity.

But now all struggle was useless, for now came a terrible instrument of destruction. From the side of the mountain, some thousand feet above, came a low and mighty mass, itself like a loosened mountain, rolling, bounding, crashing, and at every bound increasing in speed and size. The largest trees snapped before it like willow-wands; the solid crags, which

had resisted the torrents and the thunder of winters innumerable, were torn from their ancient fixtures like feathers, and whirled down into the ravine. The light of the snow, or the rapidity of its course, threw a strange and melancholy gleam around, and rendered it drearily visible as it rushed along. The air was filled with the roar, crashing, and incessant; the valleys sent it back; every surrounding mountain returned it, like the echo of a thunderburst. At length an immense cloud of mingled dust, stones, snow, and wreck of all kinds, rushed into the valley, heralding its way. Carara, in blindness, and utterly bewildered by the snow, still felt himself grasped by what he thought the convulsive hold of death, by his companion; but he felt, at the same instant, the ground quiver and heave under his feet; he in vain attempted to cling to the rock; he was caught by the whirlwind, and flung forward, where he knew not. A hollow roar still sounded in his ears; he still felt himself tossed and flung like a weed upon a wave; at length a blow, a sensation of intolerable chill, and a sudden plunge, as he thought, ten thousand fathoms deep, extinguished all sounds and sensations together.

How long he lay in this state of insensibility, he could judge only by the scene that presented itself to him when he again opened his eyes. All was silent, the storm had passed away, or left its only traces in some scattered clouds that lay on the remote sky like remnants of a routed army. The avalanche had run its fearful course, a course which was still to be traced in the stripping of the mountain's side of every sign of vegetation and plunging it into immense rents and chasms. It lay with all its devastation quiet in the valley, at an almost sightless depth below. Not a sound disturbed the expanse, all was virgin white, a world of snow. The moon in her meridian was pouring down floods of glorious light upon the scene, from a heaven as blue and solid as a vault of lapis lazuli. Carara's feelings were suspended in awe at this majesty of night and nature. The sense of his own extraordinary preservation too came upon his heart with an influence which surprised himself. If he had known in what words to pray, he would almost have prayed; his original habits had not taught him more than the rest of his class, and superstition, when he was inclined to comply with the ceremonial of the land, or philosophy, as the *bona esprit* called it, when he was inclined to think that ceremonial trouble some, had made up the sum of his perceptions on the subject. But he was now, as any man might be at once appalled and grateful, at once shaken by the consciousness that there was something more than his worldly creed had told him concerned in the government of things; and awakened by the feeling that he had been, however unaccountably, the object of its care. He had obviously been saved by what, at another time, he would have pronounced a most singular accident.

The whirlwind raised by the avalanche had swept him down some fathoms of the mountain's side, and when he was on the point of being flung into the valley, where he must have been dashed to pieces, the rough root of a broken oak had checked his descent, and the violence of the shock, which rendered him insensible at the moment, had tossed him like gossamer under a huge projecting crag, which fortunately lay a few paces beyond the direct descent of the snowfall. The ground close to the spot where he lay, had been torn up, as if a hundred thunderbolts had rifted it; fragments of the crag had been evidently splintered off by the concussion; the whole surface of the mountain above had been hurled into the ravine. If he had been flung but a few paces nearer, he must have been by this time in eternity.

When his recollection had completely returned, the state in which his friend had been seen for the last time recurred to him. What must have become of a man who had been palpably deprived of all power to help himself, even if he had not stood directly in the road of a devastation that might have torn down a pyramid or buried a city? Carara looked round in vain, he was no where to be seen; he shouted his name till the precipices re-echoed it on every side; it was equally in vain, no voice of man answered; he even tried his way along the shivered and falling masses left clinging on the face of the precipice, to the spot where they had last stood together; but all search was in vain. The whole aspect of the hill was altered, a power beyond man had been there; and what was man, in such contact, but the dust of the balance? Carara, almost subdued, gave a final look to the spot which must be considered as the grave of his eccentric, yet zealous and sincere friend, and dejectedly took his way up the little mountain road.

The caserne of Mittenwald, a posthouse and place of rest for travellers, had been visible for some hours before the fall of the avalanche, and it was to this spot that the Count now directed his steps.

The caserne had its occupants even in that rough season; and three or four stout peasants from the Hertzberg valley, and a nondescript figure, who, on his own authority, had the courage of an Alexander, and every virtue under the sun besides, but whose shorter Ferarise sword, rusty pistols, and weatherbeaten visage, strongly marked him for either the contrabandist or the highwayman, or both as occasion might serve, had taken up their quarters with the old soldier and his wife who were stationed in this winter-buffed dwelling. Carara's first proposal was, that they should go back with him to look for his friend, alive or dead. But the peasants declared this to be totally impossible, the veteran acknowledged it to be next to hopeless, and the contrabandist pledged him by all the ghosts of the mountains to be beyond the power of man or fiend, if the avalanche had but touched a hair of his unfortunate

associate. The project was on all hands pronounced utterly impracticable, and the Count had no resource but to wait until day-light should enable him to continue his search by himself.

Daylight came, but the attempt was now more hopeless than ever. The clouds, which had lingered so long on the northern range, had during the night moved forward over the whole extent of the hills, and flooded them with snow. The caserne was covered almost to the roof, and all the rest, as far as the keen eye of the mountaineers could reach, was an ocean of white surges. Another day passed in this lofty dungeon. Still the tempest was unabated. A week passed; and Carara's impatience could suffer this confinement no longer. He determined to attempt the pass at all hazards. The peasants declined his largest offer for their services as guides; and he prepared desperately to set out alone. He felt that his anxiety was wearing away his strength; that the Emperor might be gone from Innspruck; that his enemy might anticipate his appeal; that chance, or barbarity, or subtlety, might be exposing his family to the last miseries, while he was lazily wasting his days in the wretchedness of a mountain hotel.

He had already given his farewell to the old soldier, and was forcing his way through the snow, when he found himself followed by the contrabandist. This hardly fellow, a native of the Tarentaise, had waited until he saw the Count's resolution wrought to its height; the solid purse which had been exhibited during the treaty with the peasants appeared to him a matter which should not be carelessly considered, and with the intention of sharing in it, amicably, in the way of service, or if not, in any other way that might be effectual, he now proposed to join the Count as a guide. Carara was glad to find a companion, rough as he might be, and the travellers pushed forward vigorously. Two days' toil at last brought them within sight of the famous pass of the Brenner, and as his guide pointed it out to him in the distance, rising sharp and boldly among a wilderness of precipices, that seemed less a part of this world, than the works of a former one, he felt a new pulse of hope beat high in his bosom.

Night fell again; and sleeping on the snow with no other canopy than a shelf of the rock, and no other shelter than the stunted foliage of a wild pine, he felt a delight in rest, a keenness of enjoyment even in his couch of snow and his pillow of stone, that he had never experienced in the Carara Palace. Real hunger made the simplest food a banquet, real fatigue made the rudest resting place a couch of down. He had discovered what the Roman tyrant sought for in vain in all his silted luxury, a new pleasure.

He was on his feet by dawn, and prepared to scale the mountains with a foot as elastic as their own chamois. But the contrabandist hung back. 'We had better not be too much in a hurry this morning,' said he, pointing to the pass, 'for the old brute there is angry. Look, how he raises up his bristles like a wild boar, and if we were but a league or two higher, we should hear him howling and gnashing his teeth. We must stay where we are till the old savage is quiet.' The Count's comprehension of this metaphorical displeasure was not aided by any further discussion. The contrabandist either would not or could not explain further than by pointing to the pass, which now certainly appeared to put on some resemblance to the ridgy back of a wild boar, a phenomenon not uncommon in the mountain atmosphere, and which is understood to predict a storm. 'The weather promises ill. But my business admits of no delay. What is to be done in case of a tempest?' asked the Count. 'Return to the caserne—what else could be done?' answered his companion sullenly. 'Another league,' said Carara, 'and your pay shall be doubled.' His guide hesitated, but surveying the Count's face of determination, and seeing him already striding onward through the snow rifts, he at length made up his mind and followed. As they reached the next ascent, the prospect was still more gloomy, the wind had lulled, and except now and then a short sharp gust, there was a death-like silence. Man, beast, and bird, had equally deserted the region. Above, the sky stooped almost to the ridge of the hills, as if unable to bear its burden of snow and tempest. A single vulture, that started from a pile of crags far above their heads, and continued sailing and waiting over them like an evil omen, made the scene of desolation still more desolate. Sleet began now to cover the few points of the rocks which the gusts had stripped. The air became intensely cold, and blew in bursts, hollow and melancholy. The guide again remonstrated. But Carara was not to be deterred by the elements, much less the selfishness of a hired guide. He still strode onward, leaving the contrabandist to complain to the winds.

The tempest now palpably moved down the huge ravine, and its roar was heard long before its violence was near enough to be felt. The heavens and earth were rapidly darkened by a livid and sepulchral shade as it came. Every thing seemed to quiver through the dense air and the pinnacles, trees, and mountain paths, shifted their places to the eye, as if they wavered on the storm. The sleet now thickened into snow, and the air became a fleecy cloud, through which it was impossible to see any further than a few yards. Carara felt a strange mixture of despondency and determination filling his mind. How or where to advance he knew not, he was possessed of something approaching to a melancholy conviction that the night and the hour were to be his last; yet the original vigour of his soul was roused, and he resolved never to return but successful, or a corpse. The contrabandist, however, thought otherwise. He had formed his determination too, but it was to return to the caserne

and yet not to return without being a richer man than when he left it. The Count was still within his reach, though wrapped in a snow sheet, that swept round him like a shroud. The contrabandist was not a man to suffer any embarrassment where his object lay straight before him. He had no appetite for the hazard, and was not inclined to use any unnecessary ceremony on the occasion. He struggled forward to where Carara stood gazing through the storm, and demanded the double pay that had been promised.

'Complete the league,' was the answer, 'or guide me to the summit of the pass, and you shall have every ducat in my possession.'

'And that is to be your last speech to me?' interrupted the fellow with a ferocious look.

'My last and only one,' said the Count, 'and now onward.'

'Your last, then, be it!' exclaimed the ruffian, and plucking a pistol from his bosom, fired it at Carara's head. The shock stunned him, and he fell. The contrabandist conceiving that he had effected one part of his purpose, proceeded to accomplish the other without loss of time, and springing forward, began to rifle the supposed corpse. But his victim had fallen on a fragment of one of the rocks disengaged by the whirlwind, the footing was slippery, and while the assassin was in the double operation of steadying his steps and searching the Count's pockets, Carara returned to his senses; his quick apprehension comprehended the whole at once; he started on his feet, and flung his entire strength into the blow which he struck his intended murderer. It was given with good intent, and was tremendous. The assassin sprang upward with the pain, reeled a few feet backward to the edge of the precipice, found the ground giving way with him, uttered a roar of despair, and threw himself at his full length, gasping the ground. The snow yielded with every grasp more and more; at every new struggle he approached closer to the dreadful declivity, until a last despairing bound loosened the whole mass, and he went headlong. His yell rang in the air as he shot downwards. All then was silence. He was shattered into infinitesimals.

The loud trickling from Carara's forehead recalled him from gazing with horror on the depth where his murderer had plunged, and told how nearly he had run the chance of lying beside him. But as if all the evils had passed with the last breath of the treacherous guide, the air began to clear, the storm visibly slackened, and by one of those visible changes so frequent the Alpine tracts, the clouds rolled off, and a broad burst of sunshine gladdened earth and heaven. Even the violence of the wind had prepared his route, the road had been partially cleared to the summit of the pass, the wild bare back of the Brenner had lost its ominous elevation, and a long line of silver sparkling among the piles, showed where the celebrated cascade of the pass poured down those waters which so singularly divide themselves to the extremities of Europe, one-half of the stream splitting off to the Adige and the Adriatic, and the other to the Danube and the Euxine.

The pass was reached. Carara stood on the summit of the Brenner, and when his eye glanced back at the frozen region, the kingdom of winter through which he had toiled, the impression on his heart was gratitude and wonder. But here his toil was at an end. The Austrian government had provided for the remainder of the road. Soldiers were stationed from point to point to clear the way for the Imperial couriers, on the occasion of the Monarch's projected visit to his Italian states, and in three days he entered the time-worn, and heavily-flourished portals of the 'ancient and noble inn of the *Swarz Adler*,' at Innspruck, which he found crowded with aides-de-camp, dragoons, chamberlains, and valets enough to have driven silence and sleep from the cavern of Morpheus himself.

*Statue of Mr. Canning.*—The interior of the Townhall is now enriched by one of the most splendid specimens of art ever produced by the creative hand of the celebrated artist who has been employed to execute this memorial to the memory of the illustrious statesman and member for this borough, the late Mr. Canning. Mr. Chantrey has been here, as we formerly intimated, to superintend the erection of the statue, which now stands in the centre of the landing of the first flight of steps approaching the magnificent suite of rooms in that costly pile of buildings. The situation in which it is placed is, perhaps, for all the purposes of effect, the most unexceptionable that could have been chosen. The light descends from the dome of the staircase in such an angle as to produce a fine relief for the figure, and a breadth of shadow from the massive drapery thrown around it. The figure is colossal, and stands in a commanding and graceful attitude, firmly placed on the right foot, with the left leg advanced. The hands are crossed upon the breast, the right holding a parliamentary paper and resting upon the left arm, which supports the foldings of a classical Roman toga, wrapped in graceful folds round the body of the figure, and leaving a portion of the right and the entire of the left leg uncovered. The countenance is expressive of momentous mental exercise, as if the speaker, having arrived at a great oratorical climax, was watching with a manly dignity its effect upon his auditory. In the features there is a striking similitude with the intellectual markings of the fine forehead and face of the distinguished original, traced with exquisite skill by the master hand of the artist. The beautiful finishing of the whole is what might have been expected from the eminence of the talent employed in its execution, and is in perfect keeping with the pure and spotless whiteness of

